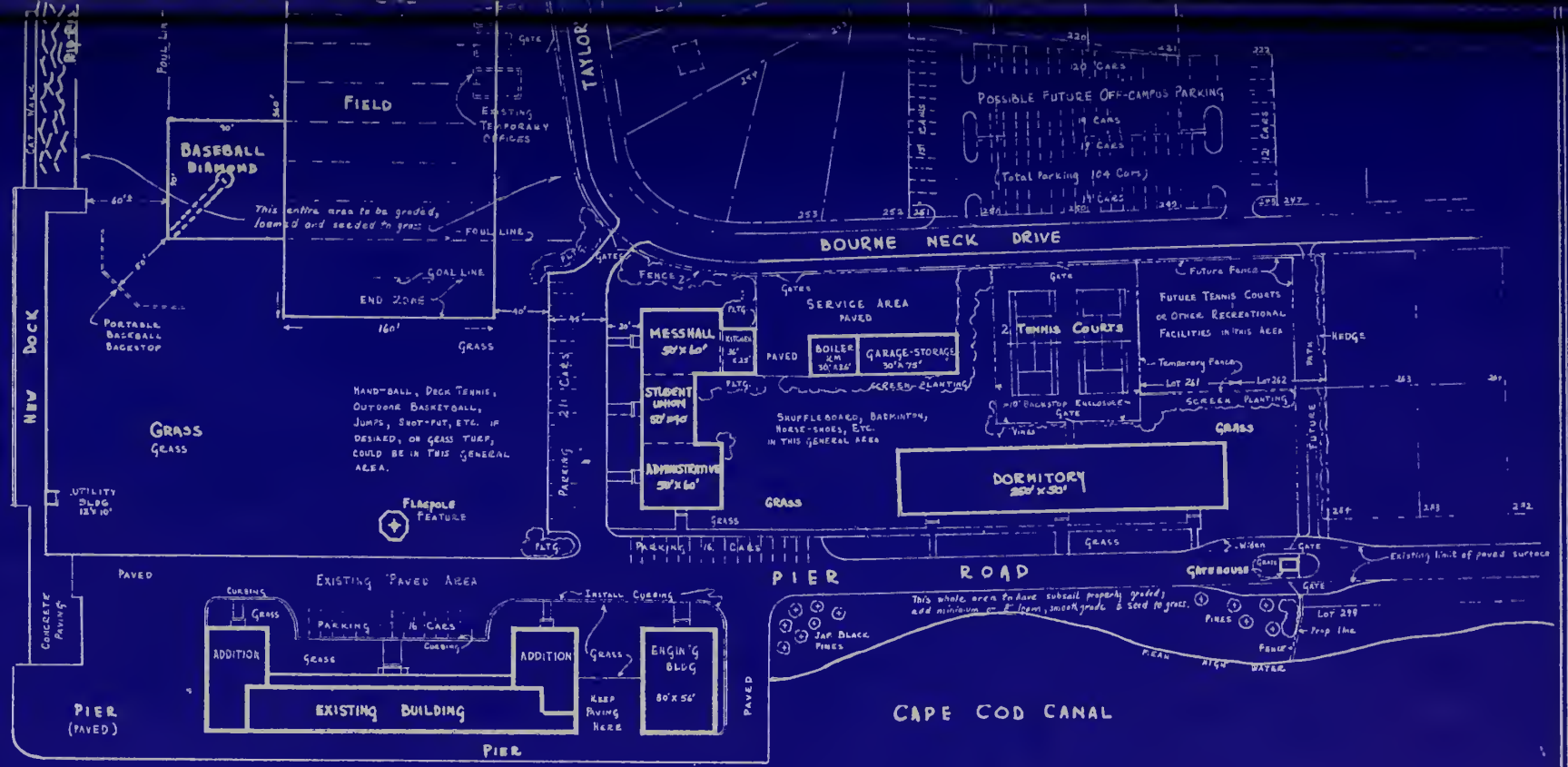
MUSTER

1963



NOTE: BUILDING DIMENSIONS WHERE SHOWN ARE ALL SUBJECT TO ADJUSTMENT AS ARCHITECTURAL STUDY MAY DETERMINE.

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

BUZZARDS BAY

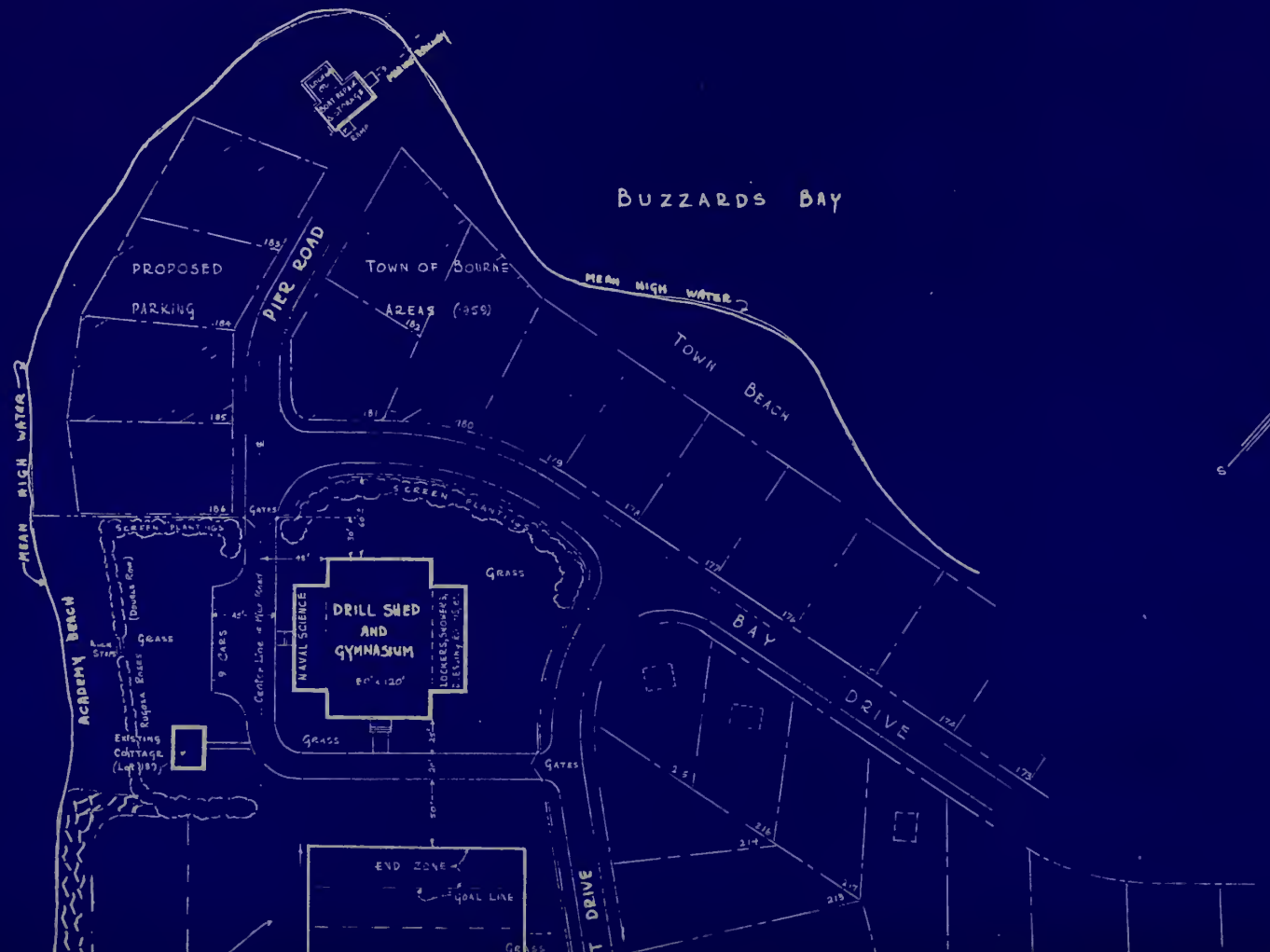
OVER-ALL CAMPUS DEVELOPMENT PLAN

SCALE: 1 INCH EQUALS 60 FEET

DES. & DEL. M.R.L.

H.V. LAWRENCE, Inc., LANDSCAPE ENGINEERS
FALMOUTH, MASS. FEBRUARY 25, 1959

PLAN No. MMA-8


BUZZARDS BAY
PROPOSED PARKING
PIER ROAD
TOWN OF BOURNE AREAS (359)
MEAN HIGH WATER
TOWN BEACH
MEAN HIGH WATER
ACADEMY BEACH
SCREEN PLANTING
GATES
GRASS
DRILL SHED AND GYMNASIUM
80' x 120'
NAVAL SCIENCE
LOCKERS, SHOWERS, DRESSING RMS. etc.
9 GATES
Center Line of Pile Road
STAIRS
(Double Row)
Rugosa Bushes
EXISTING COTTAGE (Lot 183)
BAY DRIVE
END ZONE
GOAL LINE
N
W
E
S

THE MUSTER
1963

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY • BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS

THE 1963

MUST

A SENIOR PUBLICATION
MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS

To train qualified young men to become licensed officers in the American Merchant Marine:

To provide these young men with a college education and to impart to them the necessary academic background and the fundamentals of a practical nautical education essential to a successful career at sea and ashore:

To train them in leadership and to instill in them an abiding sense of honor, responsibility, and mature citizenship:

To develop in them a pride in their profession and a determination to uphold the traditions of the merchant marine:

By effective teaching, training, and guidance, to send him forth to his calling with a deep respect and affection for the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

FOREWORD...

Men and ships are placed in unstable environments; they want their merits found and their faults hidden. As graduates of a maritime academy, we cannot help but take this statement into full consideration. As men and as ships, we are to commence a long arduous voyage beginning on graduation day. This voyage, no doubt, will bring some to higher levels while others, who lack forethought, courage and perceptiveness will find themselves literally "on the rocks".

We as men and as captain of a very important ship, ourself, should take pains to see that our merits as men and as ships, embarking on a long voyage, should be displayed and not our faults. Our merits should outshine our faults and in this manner faults will become a dim and vague reflection from our image. We should endeavor first to become the best critic of ourself and second to become a constructive critic of the men who serve under us. In becoming the best critic of our own self, we minimize the possibility of others finding our faults. In becoming constructive critics of our men we become true leaders who strive for the merits of quality.

We, as individuals, are different physically, mentally, morally and socially. In the same light we know too that ships are varied in design of engine and hull and in purpose. All ships were designed to do a specific job just as men were created for a specific undertaking. We need, as does the ship, expert handling, conscientious planning and all those very necessary virtues which lead to the successful completion of the voyage. Whether the ship delivers goods and fulfills its obligations depends on the skill of crew and master and their courage, their ability to perceive danger, their wise decisions and expert judgement. We as captain of ourself, wanting our merits found and faults hidden, should strive to give ourself the same expert handling that the master and crew give their ship. We know only too well our best condition and should endeavor to keep going full ahead in that condition.

A ship leaving harbor contends with many uncertainties. Yet, practically, all ships today, due to the high caliber of men and machinery, overcome all such uncertainties. We should try to overcome all such uncertainties by utilizing the best of ourself at our helm and the best fuel of a willing and aggressive spirit.

Let's bring ourselves to that stable condition, be erect, be directed, be a true tribute to those who have helped the man and the ship to its present state of readiness. On the return trip it is hoped we attain success that we know we have been prepared for by both our parents and our school. When success is attained be it not so far above us to give humble thanks to those who have prepared us.

Having taken the preceding to heart, we will have little trouble in having our merits found and our faults hidden.

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DEDICATIO

William Lionel Lacasse

William Lionel Lacasse, the graduating class of 1963 is dedicating this year book to you as a token of our appreciation for the just manner in which you have exeeuted your duties as Chief Master at Arms at the Aeademy. It should be realized that if more persons of authority demonstrated your eode of right to wrong, supported by your wisdom coneerning the management of people, many injustiees would be eliminated resulting in a solid strengthening of our society.

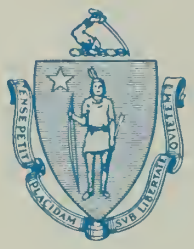
William Lacasse was born in Barrie, Vermont on the first day of September, 1898. He was one of three children and spent his childhood in Barrie until tragedy struck his family. Thus, as a teenager, he was forced to leave his childhood home in Barrie and live with his aunt in Nominique, a town in Quebec, Canada. He completed high school there and entered Nominique College.

However, there was unrest in the world at that time as the belligerent powers of the Triple Alliance were pressing their territorial boundaries. Finally, President Wilson dropped our non-envolvement policy, and the United States launched itself into World War I. Young men throughout the nation enlisted into various armed services as the spirit of nationalism swept the country. Chief Lacasse was one of these young men and left Nominique College to enlist in the U.S. Navy. The young Seaman found himself on various transport vessels of transatlantic sailings. His duties were pertinent to the engineering department as he worked his way from a Seaman to Chief Machinist's Mate. In July 1918 one of his transports, the Covington, a ship confiscated from the Germans, was sunk beneath him. The latter part of the war found him working in a machine shop in France. He returned home to New Bedford when the Versailles Treaty had been signed to find the nation gearing down from war production and entering the period of unforgettable vitality in the United States.

Choice jobs were scarce, but Chief Lacasse became employed in a New Bedford mill. One day while walking home from the mill, he met Jeannette Deasy who later became his wife in 1920. He acquired a few other jobs and finally became employed in the Hathaway Machinery Company as Sales Engineer. Following the great depression, a radical figure struggled to power in Germany and finally started armed aggression in Europe in the late thirties. As the United States entered World War II, Chief Lacasse found himself as Naval Lieutenant stationed in the Philadelphia Naval Yard as Laison and Planning Officer for French submarine repair. This was understandable because he not only was an authority on Diesel engines but could also speak fluent Parisian French. By the end of the war he had become a full Commander leaving the Philadelphia Naval Yard to return to New Bedford to try his skills at various jobs ranging from shore engineer to sales work. He remained active in the Naval Reserve in New Bedford until 1961.

The "Chief" has many outside interests, one of which is evident to the middies at the Academy. This is his like of angling. In fact, during the pre-World War II years, the late thirties, he wrote several articles for the Fishing Gazette on industrial fishing to boost the New Beford fishing industries.

His work here at the Academy entails much more than job specifications call for, as he not only enforces discipline but is also a source of sound advice. One of the first lessons a "youngie" learns as he lays aboard is" Don't run a foul with the M.A.; he can be your best friend or be your worst enemy." As Chief Master at Arms, he polices the conduct of the Corps and insures proper operation of the ship's mess deck. As a man he pilots the men through times of indecision. At one time or another every midshipman on board has been helped by Chief Lacasse and each can be assured that if the Chief's sense of right or wrong has been utilized, the outcome will be the right one. It can truly be said there are few men who can discipline with a firm hand, offer advice and sound judgement, and laugh as a friend also; we are fortunate; we had such a man.



ENDICOTT PEABODY
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

May 7, 1963

Dear Class of 1963,

As Governor of the Commonwealth and a former Naval officer, it is a great pleasure to extend my greetings to the Class of '63 of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy on the occasion of your graduation.

From colonial times to the present, Massachusetts has been a leader in overseas commerce. This foreign trade, an integral part of our nation's economy, is dependent in great measure upon our shipping industry.

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy is one of the leading schools in the country for training young men to serve on the high seas. I am confident that you, the graduates of 1963, will continue in the fine tradition of your predecessors.

Best of luck and continued success in all your future endeavors.

Sincerely,

Endicott Peabody

Governor

Class of 1963
Massachusetts Maritime Academy
Buzzards Bay
Massachusetts

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

The Board of Commissioners was formed to assist the academy's Superintendent in matters pertinent to the administration of the academy. The persons on the board are chosen by the Governor and approved by the Governor's Council. One commissioner is appointed every year with five commissioners composing the board. One of these five is elected as chairman by majority vote of the board.

Francis J. Couble, Chairman
704 North Main St., Brockton
District No. 1, agent of the
Marine Engineers
Beneficial Association
Term expires 1963

Arthur C. Sullivan
Harvard Club, Boston
Retired Lawyer
Term expires 1964

Leonard A. Kelley
301 Hatherly Rd., Scituate
Department of Standardization,
State House
Term expires 1965

S. P. Jason
1 Bridge St., Fairhaven
Manager of Relations, Island Ferry
Term Expires 1966

Howard W. Nickerson
146 Cottage St., New Bedford
President of the Fisherman's Union
Term expires 1967

Rear Admiral
John W. Thompson,
USMS
Superintendent of the
Massachusetts Maritime
Academy

To the members of the Graduating Class of 1963
Greetings and Congratulations:

Now, with your well earned credentials, you set your course for the field of endeavor and its rewarding compensations.

The field you enter is a competitive one, however with your knowledge and skill, plus some courage and determination you will achieve that goal you have been looking forward to.

The four sea frontiers of America and the great waters of the world, as well as the shore-side industries, offer you a wide choice of career, and there you will meet others who have graduated before you, ready to lend you a hand.

The Faculty and the Superintendent wish you the utmost of success in your progress.

Sincerely,

John W. Thompson

John W. Thompson
Rear Admiral, USMS
Superintendent

COMMAND

Aboard the Bay State, we have a chain of command which is similar to the chain of command aboard any naval ship. The commanding officer, Capt. Richard T. Rounds, is responsible for the entire ship, the officers and crew, and the corps of midshipmen. Directly under him is the Executive Officer, Capt. Louis A. Woodland. He does all the paper work for the commanding officer and serves as a trouble-shooter, keeping his eyes open for anything wrong aboard the ship.

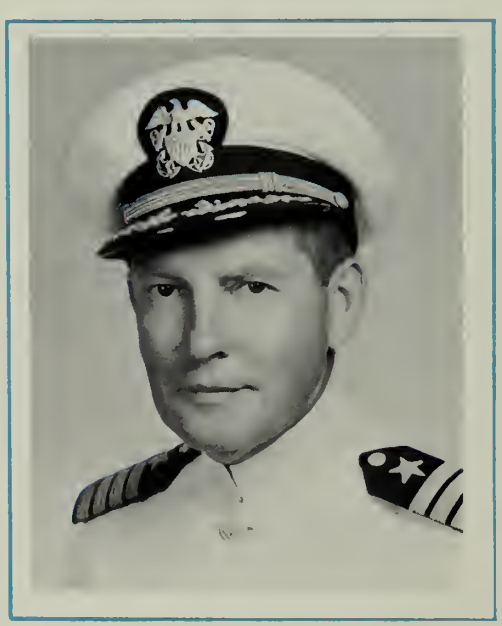
The man responsible for all the machinery in the engineroom and on deck is the Chief Engineer, Capt. James Murray. He is third in command, having to answer only to the Captain and the Executive Officer. When any work needs to be done in the engineering department, he assigns it.

To sum up command, it is these men who supervise the ship and are responsible for its safe keeping and maintenance as on a normal ship as well as supervise and train one hundred and eighty midshipmen for responsible positions at sea.

Capt. Richard T. Rounds, USNR
Commanding Officer
Instructor of Meteorology

Capt. James M. Murray, USNR
Chief Engineer
Instructor of Steam Engines and Thermodynamics

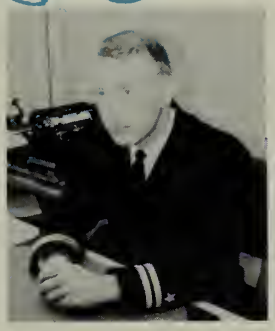
Capt. Louis A. Woodland, USNR
Executive Officer
Instructor of Ships' Construction



NAVAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

FTC-P
Samuel T. Simkins,
USNR F-6
Instructor of Gunnery
and Ballistics

Lt. Kenneth H. Fisher,
USNR
Assistant Department
Head
Instructor of
Seamanship, Naval
Leadership



Lt. Peter H. Ostrander,
USN
Department Head
Instructor of Naval
Orientation and
Naval History

YNCS (SS)
John L. Manwaring,
USN
Administrative
Assistant

The mission of the Naval Science Department is primarily to train the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Midshipmen by conducting Naval Science courses in order that they, as prospective Merchant Marine Officers, may have some knowledge of naval procedure and further enhance their usefulness in the Merchant Marine in the time of war. The secondary mission is to provide those students who may matriculate into the Navy with a back ground in naval procedure.

The Naval Science Department accomplishes the above mission through officers and high ranking enlisted men as instructors who lead us through one course each semester either in Orientation, Gunnery & Ordnance, Naval History, Leadership or other courses whose path eventually leads to a commission as an Ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve. This sketch would certainly be lacking if Friday afternoon drill were not mentioned, although maybe some would rather forget it, recalling El Furioso Perro era. It must be said, however, that due to the efforts of the Naval Science Department, last year's National Maritime Day celebration was a great success. Through the departments effort, the U.S.S. Delong was present to open house along with the U.S.T.S. Bay State. The two ships and the academy grounds were inspected by Gov. Volpe and although his visit was brief, we believe his impressions were entirely favorable.

This class should like to thank the officers in Naval Science Department for their efforts in their endeavor and especially we should like to extend our thanks to Chief Simpkins whose patience and enthusiasm made the Maritime Day celebration what it was — a great success.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Pharm. A. P. Tassarini
First Aid Instructor

Capt. (Dr.) W. E. Dawson,
U.S.N.R.
Ship's Surgeon

DECK DEPARTMENT

Sea. R. D. Ripley

Bosn. A. N. Tribou, Rpmn.
C. L. Raymond, Rpmn. B. W. Selfe

Lcdr. Paul G. Hirst, U.S.M.S.
First Lieutenant
Instructor, Admiralty Law

Sea. J. Alden

Sea. E. H. Stewart

Hdmn. J. R. Tavares,
Rpmn. R. D. Thompson

CMAA W. L. Lacasse, Sr.

Prin. Clerk R. G. Coghlan

SHIP'S OFFICE

SUPPLY AND MESS DEPARTMENT

Lcdr. Alvin Anteen, U.S.M.S.
Supply Officer

Cook A. T. Moniz

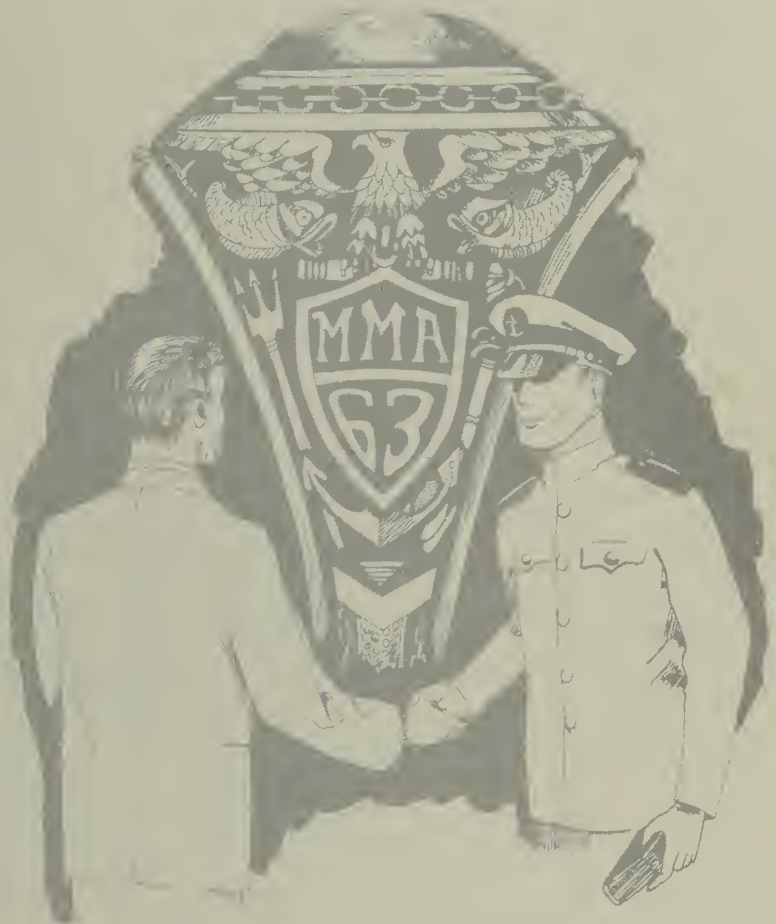
Messmen Duggan, McLaughlin, Tetreault, and Tatro.

Messman Lima, Cooks Figueiredo and Beers.

Cook D. K. Pollock

Rad. Oper. (Sk.) W. A. Kent

EXIT



GRADUATES

THE DECK

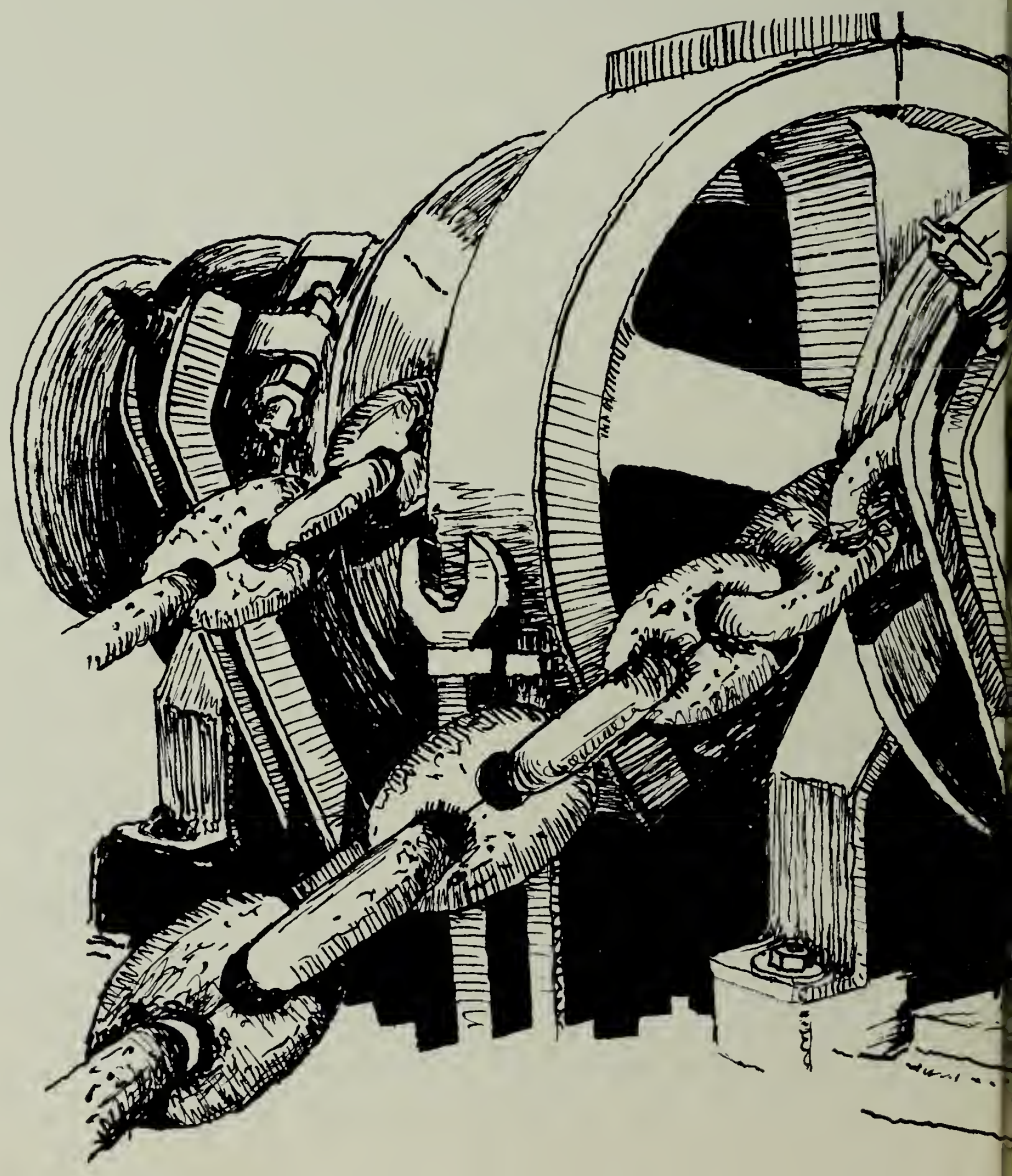
Mate! ——— A designation that the deck midshipmen enthusiastically anticipate. Just what does becoming a deck officer entail? Here at the Academy three years of study and three training cruises are required before a midshipman qualifies to sit for a Third Mates License.

The first year is spent building up the fundamental social sciences necessary for any leader which consist of literature, history, foreign language, economics, advanced math, and physics. The first cruise is intended only to introduce the third classman to the mariner's life. His tasks are menial and give him an idea of what will be expected of him later.

During the second year the second classman begins to study some of the subjects which will be his bread and butter when he graduates. He must become skillful in the art of Navigation, and letter perfect in Rules of the Road. He also studies seamanship, ships construction, plane and spherical trigonometry, communications and shipping operations. On his second cruise he gains valuable experience as navigator, quartermaster, and lookout.

The third year, the last long haul, is spent wholly on professional subjects and license preparation.

A first classman must be able to obtain a fix on the high seas by the sun, moon, and



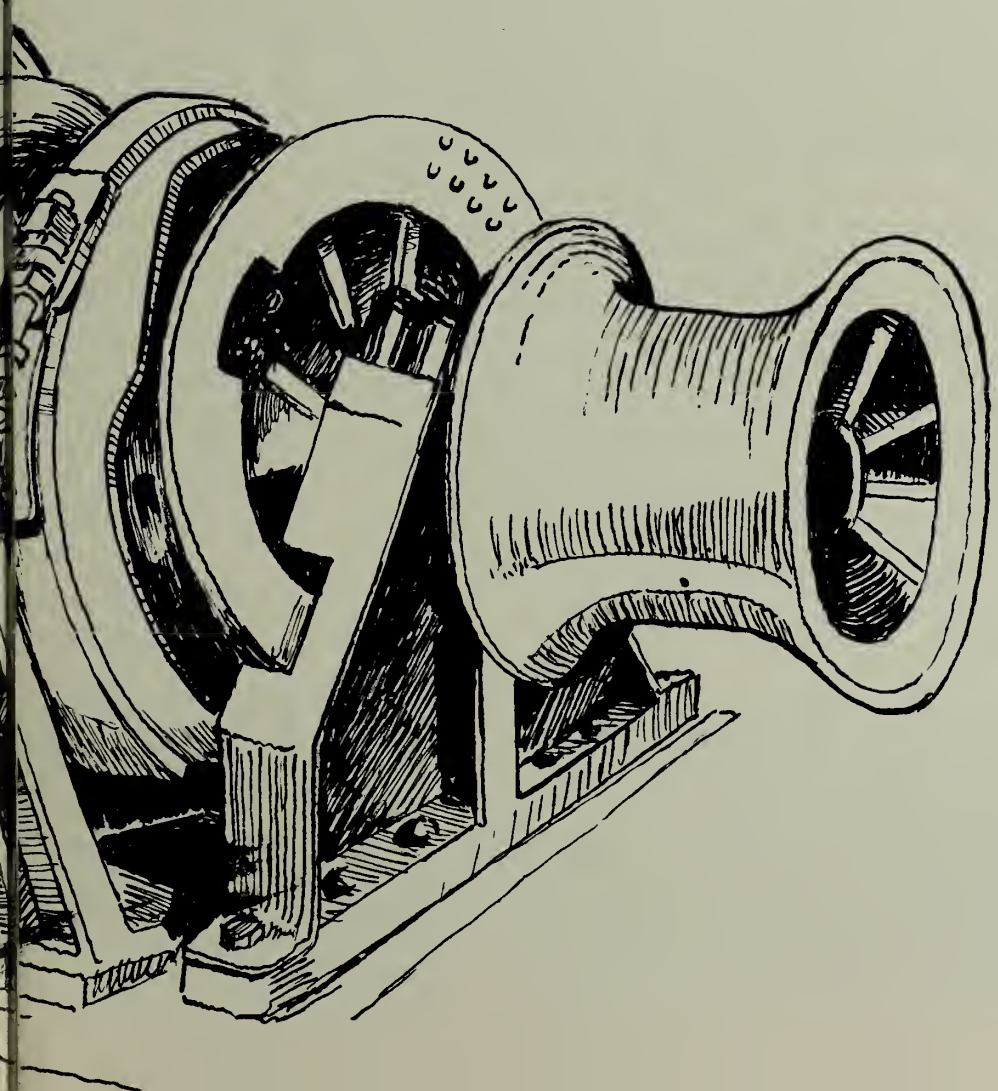
DIVISIONS

stars and in coastal waters by use of piloting. He must also be well versed in the use of Loran, Radar, Radio Direction Finders, magnetic and gyro compasses, sextants, and sounding apparatus.

In addition in order to make a good mate he must be able to operate and communicate with a blinker light and code flags, be efficient in the proper stowage and care of all kinds of cargo, understand the changes in weather and be able to make short range weather forecasts. To this he must add a working knowledge of the Rules of Marine Inspection and Maritime Law in order to be completely informed of all his responsibilities and liabilities in respect to the vessel, its cargo and its passengers.

The last cruise is the most important because it affords the midshipman a chance to make use of all he has learned standing watches as the Officer of the Watch while underway. Subject to the OOD he is in command of the vessel and all of its functions. Valuable experience is also gained as a navigator and a boswain's mate.

Succeeding graduation he is fully capable of going aboard a merchant ship as Third Officer and hearing for the first time the long awaited greeting, "Welcome aboard MATE."



DIVISION I

Cdr. John M. Cease,
USN (Ret.)
First Division Officer
Instructor of Mathematics
Coach of Rifle Team
Band Advisor

Lt. Thomas F. Dorsey,
USMS
Assistant Division Officer
Instructor of Economics,
History, Economical
Geography and
Mechanical Drawing
"Muster" Advisor
Cross Country Team Advisor

The Fighting First is the foremost division on the Bay State. It's what's up front that counts, and this is the land of "Putty, Paint and Procrastination."

The First Division has a crack maintenance crew which kept the foc'sle putzed and painted. The upper-jobs made up a six man supervisory board which skillfully channeled the efforts of the second and third class to beneficial ends, namely less work for the first class. This year the crew had to do without the sun god of the division because of a kidney ailment.

During the maintenance period our carrot topped Ali Baba and his forty thieves kept the other divisions in a constant state of confusion over missing gear. Looking aloft one would invariably see our aerial artist whistling his way from mast to mast wielding a paint brush which eventually covered everything aloft including himself. Peter spent the cruise building up the muscles in his index finger and became very proficient in directing winch operations.

Bill was usually pretty busy with that five gallon can. I wonder what he did with it? Occasionally you would see a bush tailed squirrel scamper across the deck with a pair of gloves in his teeth and dissappear from sight in some comfortable nest. You can believe what I say about these characters because I watched them all the time.

The top brass leading this managerie is Cdr. Cease; stern, steadfast, military man, who in his own way has earned the respect and admiration of all who know him. Let it never be said that he let a liberty party leave the ship in any condition short of perfect. His eagle eye never missed so much as a speck of dust on a uniform or a smudge on a button.

. In the future we hope that some of his ideas will be realized and a new pride and spirit in the academy will make the midshipmen stand a little taller and straighter.

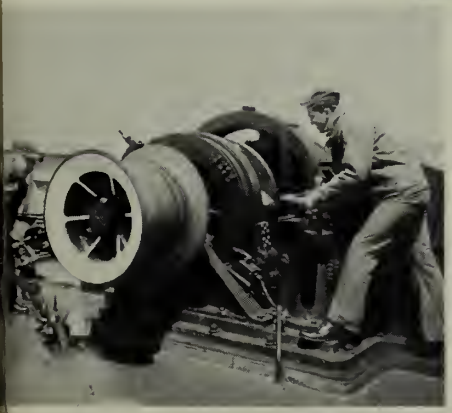
FIRST DIVISION

From left to right: P. B. Meuse, M. J. Gillis, W. G. Travers, J. C. Raymond, D. M. Haggerty, J. A. Byrne, D. W. Huyghe.

First and the Foc'sle

"I'll Huff And I'll Puff And I'll . . . . . ."

He's Been Like This Ever Since We Pulled Him Out Of The Water.



"Yes, I've Been Known To Employ Bodyguards On Occasion."

"What, Us Worry?"

PETER BLAIR MEUSE
19 John Quincy Lane
Weymouth, Massachusetts

"Pete"

Cadet Lieutenant
Football Team
Horizontal Club
Drill Team
Shellback

Straight from the Moran Tug Boat Company came our boy Peter, to try his hand aboard the big ships. Although slight of stature Pete proved his salts with marlinspike and nine thread, and in directing boom operations he was the best.

Some said that Petes dungarees were as wide as they were long, but this he denied vehemently, especially during his annual fast. However, O. N. O. P. wasn't convinced and said so in no uncertain terms. But in spite of it all, and with the help of a front row seat Pete speared two stripes in the fighting first, of which we were constantly reminded by way of letters sent from a certain young lady.

Whether in Singapore or Hong Kong, Jabuti or Cristobal, that rolling gait will be easily recognized and long remembered. Good luck, Pete.

"Dobie"

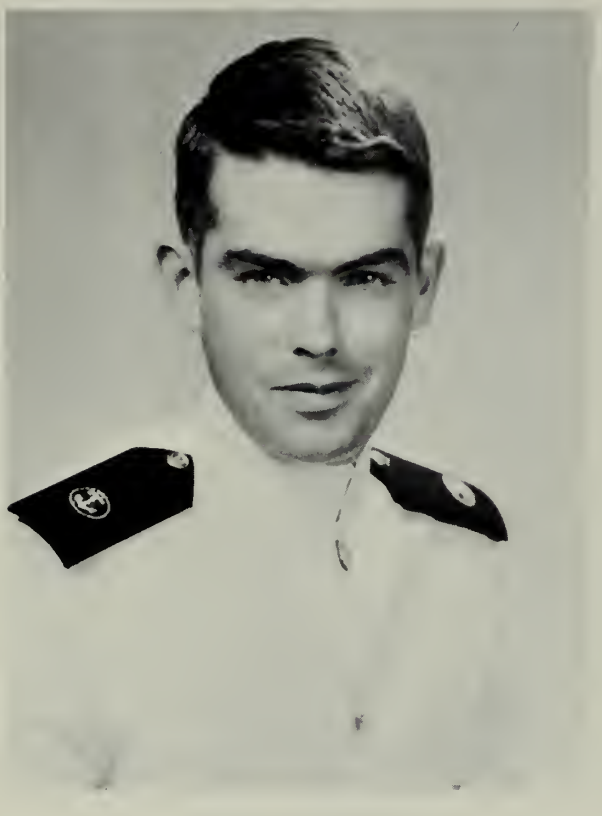
Cadet C.P.O.
Cadet Ensign (ret.)
Rifle Team
Horizontal Club
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Shellback
Century Club

MALCOLM J. GILLIS
14 Birch Road
West Roxbury, Massachusetts

"How long have you been here, lad?" "About six months sir." So seldom seen or heard was Dobie that even his classmates didn't realize that he was around. A natural for the Newman Club, Dobie surprised everyone by shunning the "altar boy" roll in favor of the sterner life of a mariner.

Although sternly advised to watch the "spirits" Dobie found the native "toddy" too good to resist, and many a happy cruise liberty was spent in search of the nectar of the gods. New Orleans will not soon forget Dobie, nor he it. Many a parade was watched from the "horizontal", leaving little time for souvenirs which he pursued so relentlessly.

With a stripe on his collar and a "gull" on his arm Dobie was prepared for his first class year. With a little help from his two stripper Dobie should have no trouble in any endeavor he may attempt. We wish smooth sailing to a swell guy.



JOHN A. BYRNE
2 Knoll Road
Lynfield, Massachusetts

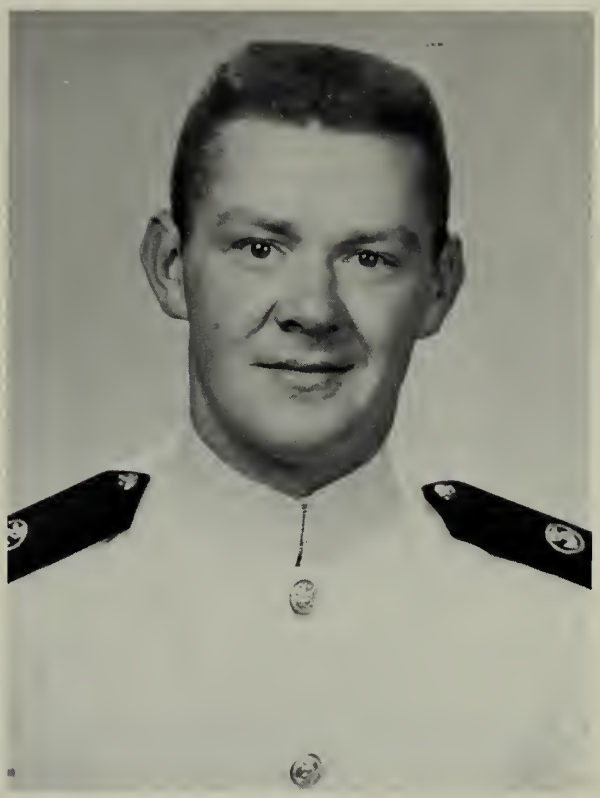
"Nutsy II"

Rifle Team
Vice President
Baseball
Co-Captain
Newman Club
Ring Committee
Propeller Club
Shellback

"Look yonder; is that a young man I hear whistling?" With one fell swoop the mighty whistler was upon us, and now two classes were honored with the Brothers Byrne. No sooner had the "Nut" arrived when he became Fuller's right hand brush, and many a quarterdeck watch returned to the days of vaudeville and Ringling Bros. with the antics of Barry and Jack.

It wasn't long before Nutsy's worth as a friend manifested itself. Many times he helped his shipmates pack seabags, clean out lockers and sign bothersome routing slips. Jack also had a love for the seagulls, and while the rest of us had to go out and hunt birds on the week ends Nutsy got his right here at home.

But in spite of the Fuller's and the gulls, Jack hurdled all obstacles and rushed into his upper job year with graduation within reach. If you ever ship with your brother and Barry, Jack, were sure you'll have many happy days on the beach. The best of luck to a swell shipmate.



DONALD MICHAEL HAGGERTY
151 Rimmon Avenue
Chicopee, Massachusetts

"Haggis Baggis"

Football Team
Propeller Club
Shellback
Horizontal Club

Springfield has never before produced so voluble a man as Don, or better known as Haggis Baggis. With booming voice and mischievous twinkle of eye, Donald could always be found in the midst of a new plot to add to the discomfort of an unsuspecting Middie. How well we'll all remember the night he transferred Jack's quarters to sick bay, only to be foiled by the appearance of the O.D.

The image of Don on the dock in Panama with a huge hope chest caused considerable comment and numerous barbs. Not to be discouraged, Haggis managed to contrive a way to get it aboard and for days after, we all heard of how he had haggled the shopkeeper into selling it for practically nothing.

With your continual good humor and zest for a good joke, Don, we know there'll never be a dull moment on whatever ship you're in.

DENNIS WILLIAM HUYGHE
107 Shore Avenue
Quincy, Massachusetts

"Huggie"

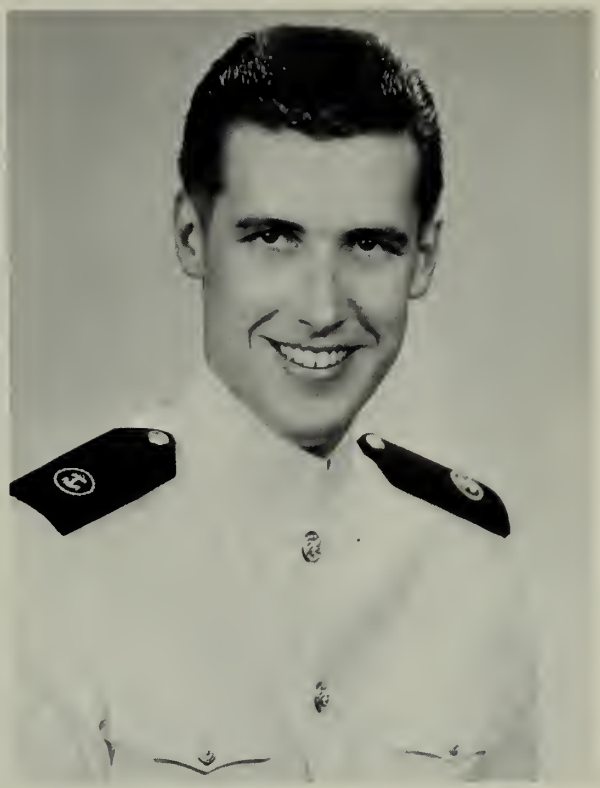
Honor Guard
Drill Team
Circle K Club
Secretary-Treasurer
Propellor Club
Bowling Team
Phi Rekappa Tread
Shellback

With the campus growing uglier each year and the Bay State even worse, it was a welcome scene when Dennis arrived, bringing a dash of beauty into an otherwise drab world. Getting established proved a bit difficult for Dennis for while the average middie wonders where his many items of issue will be stowed Dennis worried about where his oils and balms, medicines and mirrors would go.

"Dashing" would put it mildly, for Dennis cut quite a figure in his contacts and casuals. Never one for taking reprimands with a grain of salt, he'd affect an indifferent attitude to a teachers barbs, and even Lou at times was left speechless.

Dennis had, at one time or another, every ailment known to man, and then some. Between sick bay and Brighton Marine Dennis passed everything from grey hairs to gallstones, returning after a spell as a completly changed man.

Generous by nature, his willingness to share manifested itself many times and the guys won't soon forget this admirable trait. We wish you the best of luck, Den, in your future endeavors.



JUSTIN CHRISTOPHER RAYMOND
10 Lodge Road
Nahant, Massachusetts

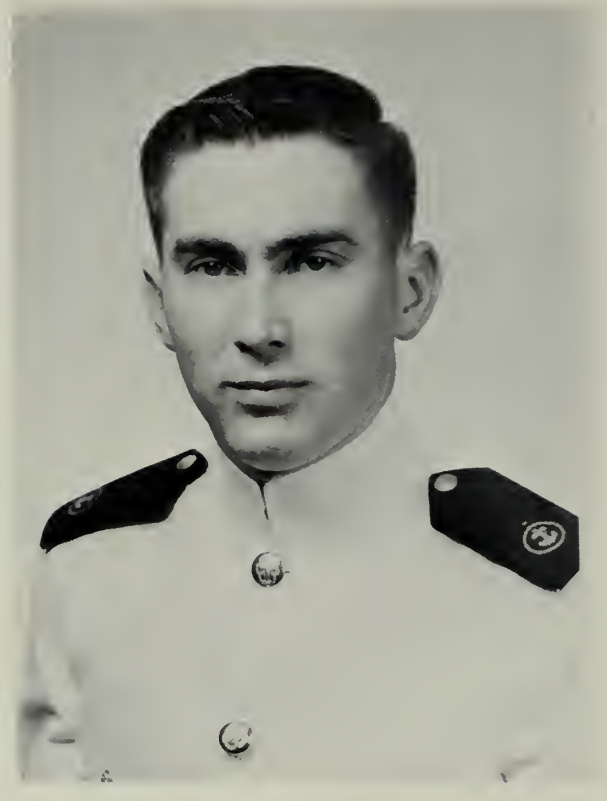
"Squirrel"

Phi Rekappa Tread
President
Propeller Club
Horizontal Club
Rifle Team
Bowling Team
Shellback

Of all the animals that comprised the MMA zoo the old squirrel was the liveliest and most versatile. His love for MMA knew no bounds, for he scampered all the way from Camp Lejune to build a five year nest in the confines of the Bay State.

Of the many clubs and fraternities established during Judd's residency he can boast to be the founder of at least three fourths of them. THE Squirrels greatest achievement was the establishment of the O.A.N., an organization similar to N.A.A.C.P. except that he dealt with the extinction end of the business. A member of the Windbreakers, founder of the Betsy Ross Society of Taylors Point and many other interests kept the Juddly hopping morning, noon and night.

With his bantam wit, lively chatter and incessant curiosity we wish Judd the very best of luck in the Merchant Marine.



WILLIAM GLENN TRAVERS
43 Hilma Street
Quincy, Massachusetts

"Travers Tall"

Century Club
Secretary
Propeller Club
Rifle Team
Newman Club
Shellback

Travers tall, to distinguish him from Travers small, had the singular advantage of having a home close to school. Many can well recall the "bouts" we had there and also Bills willingness to sell the Ford in his back yard.

Bill was always in agreement with the gripes of his classmates, and the wilder the better. Old lady luck turned her back though, and we all thought Bill was on the beach for good. But later it was explained that this was merely a well planned vacation and with a little extra effort at the books Bill was soon back in the swing of things.

With one eye on the Merchies and the other on the gals we know Bill can't miss either way. The best of luck, Bill.

Looking toward the Railroad and Bourne Bridges from the Academy grounds.

DIVISION II

LCDR. Alan McNaughton, USNR
Second Division Officer
Instructor of Communications, Ship Operations

Lt. F. L. Dixon Yard, USMS
Assistant Division Officer
Spanish Instructor

Second Division, having by far the largest deck area of any division, will always be remembered for just that reason. Spanning from the forward end of No. 5 hatch to the after end of No. 2 hatch, and rising from the 01 deck to the heights of the 03 deck-crowned with the two big white bath tubs called life boats.

Fore and aft, up and down, no matter which way you look, all you can see is white and red-the white bulkheads constantly in need of "sougeeing", red decks forever needing to be chipped.

This whole domain falls under the iron-fisted rule of one Alan McNaughton, noted throughout the vessel as the most knowledgable seaman and O.O.D. as well as the most 'mechanically inclined' officer on board.

Second Division, being the largest division physically but not numerically, is usually the loudest division on board come cruise time; fighting their never-ending battle against rusty decks. Unfortunately, over-looking No. 1 boat on occasions, which caused many anxious moments during the Coast Guard inspection: "after all, just because the bottom rusted out is no reason . . . . "

Looking back on it all, we smile, and even manage a chuckle now and then. Sure, we had to work harder than an underclassman in the other divisions, but look what Cdr. McNaughton had to work with—one first classman running around screening "binnacle list", another spending his time swinging in the rigging, one working harder at stalling than if he were working, another hiding in the lifeboats whenever possible, and of course we can't forget the one that could stand for hours and say: "Well, oh-hey, I'm an admiral!" Then, there was another one—fire marshal, I believe, he was—usually running around trying to get permission to abbreviate the fire station signs. There was one other one—well, he wasn't supposed to do anything anyhow—just rant and rave a little when work went slow. I'm sure we'll always remember second Div.—the land of the bumble-bee — not only for the knowledge gained but also for the comfort of knowing that we'll go out into the world having expert aim with a chipping hammer and an awful strong right arm.

"I Don't Believe In Zap Sheets"

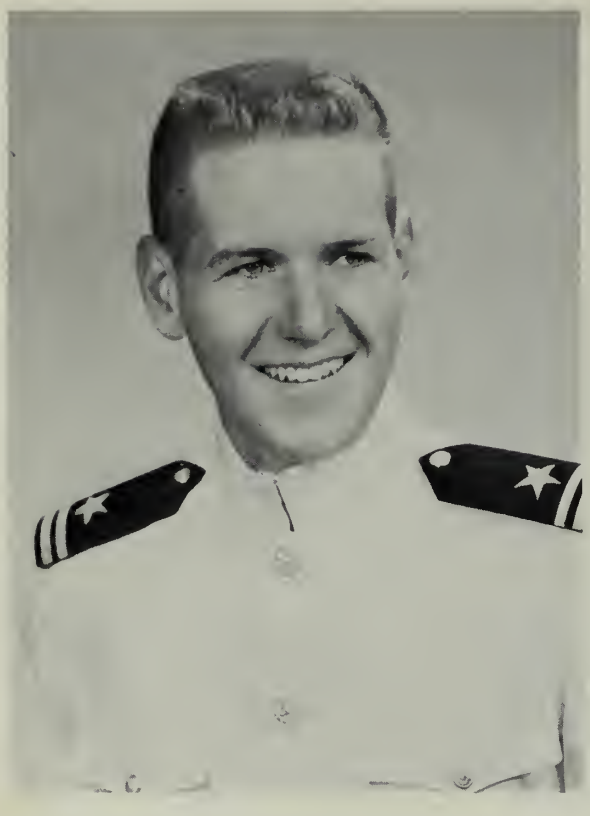
"A small amount of maintenance is required by each midshipman."

This is my friend, Ron; he's celestial!

Guards of the Gangway

DIVISION II

G. A. Harkins, A. W. Telles Jr., A. F. Grinnell, R. L. Brierly, R. E. West, L. E. Muldowney.



GERALD ANDREW HARKINS
70 Falmouth Road
West Newton, Massachusetts

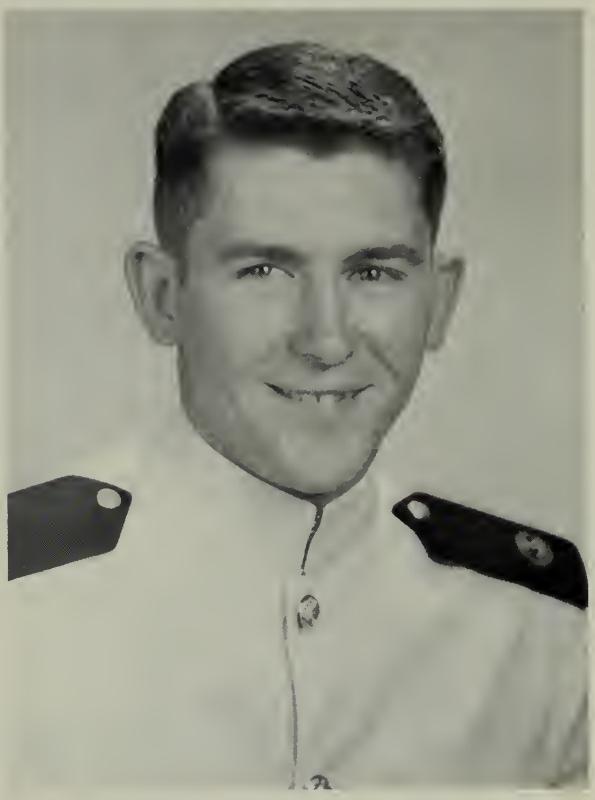
"Jerry"

Cadet Lieutenant
Phi Rekappa Tread
Rifle Team
Golf Team
Muster Staff
Ring Committee
Propeller Club
Shellback

Each class has its quiet, serious student and Jerry is our choice for the title. This never stopped Jerry from voicing an opinion, though, and many times he decided an issue with his sure knowlege of the subject being discussed. Always an avid reader Jerry managed to get his hands on some strange and unusual books, and he was often heard saying, "Did you know that . . . "

It usually took the cruise to bring out the vinegar in Jerry, and after one such cruise he wishes it brought out the stains, too. We can't help but feel proud that Jerry was perhaps the first 'tread' to capture two gold bars, and from then after he was known as Allan Harkins, the seven hundred and fifty pound . . .

We know before hand that Jerry's future will be rewarding, for with his drive and determination it can't help but be anything else. The best of luck, Jerry, from the class of '63.



"Charlie"

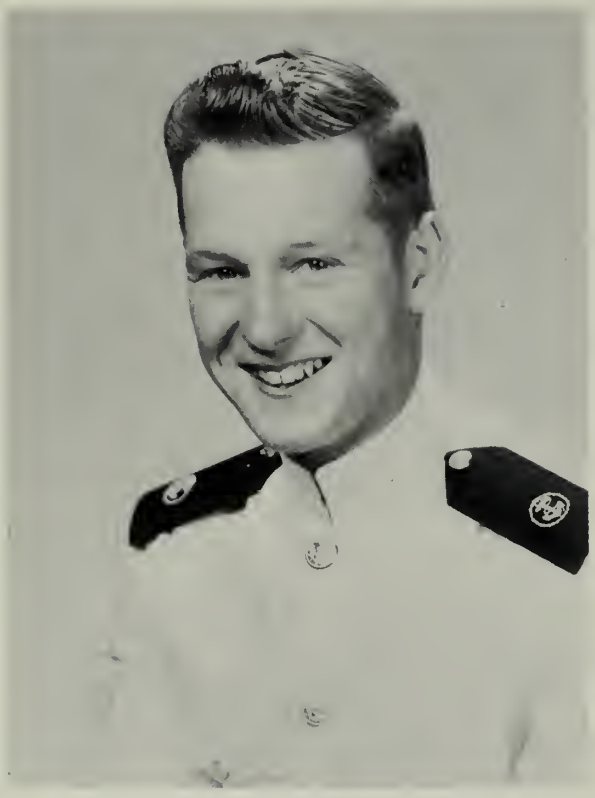
Cadet C.P.O.
Phi Rekappa Tread
Football Team
Century Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

ARTHUR WILLIAM TELLES, JR.
68 Florence Avenue
Melrose, Massachusetts

Many men come to MMA a little shy and reserved, but not our boy Charlie. From his first day aboard, this mighty man from Melrose spread his good cheer with bellowing voice and all of us knew instantly when Charlie was around.

Although MMA couldn't boast much of a football team Charlie played as if he were in the big ten, and for his drive and spirit he received a well earned, though unfortunate, vacation at Brighton Marine. This failed to dampen Art's spirit, though, and he came back to us sporting a few scars and a sleek T-Bird. Said vehicle could be seen parked in front of the Ranch House as often as it was seen outside the gate.

Generous by nature Charlie was always willing to do a favor or lend a hand where needed. None of us will forget the good times, Art, as we wish you a hearty good luck and a rewarding future.



RUSSELL LESLIE BRIERLEY
44 West Elm Avenue
Wollaston, Massachusetts

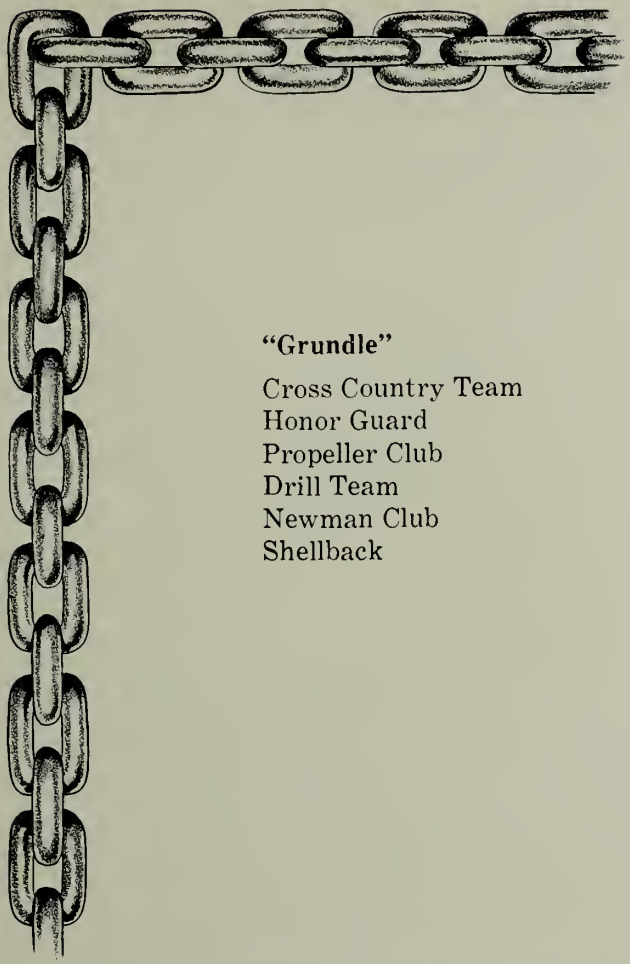
"Salty"

Phi Rekappa Tread
Horizontal Club
Shellback
Rifle Team
Cross-Country Team
Propeller Club
Bowling Team

"Raisins Russ" came to us from the heralded rinks of Quincy where skating seems to be a national pastime. Not wanting to leave his favorite hobby behind Salty brought his blades along with him and did quite a bit of skating around M.M.A. property.

Russ could often be heard relating stories about the deep water channel at the Quincy Y.C., and in spite of a few doubtful critics he was nicknamed Salty as a tribute to the authenticity of his adventures. Russ also prided himself as being an autocrat of the breakfast table, an indisputable fact, but we'll all remember the morning he turned from autocrat to dictator all over a loaf of Bread.

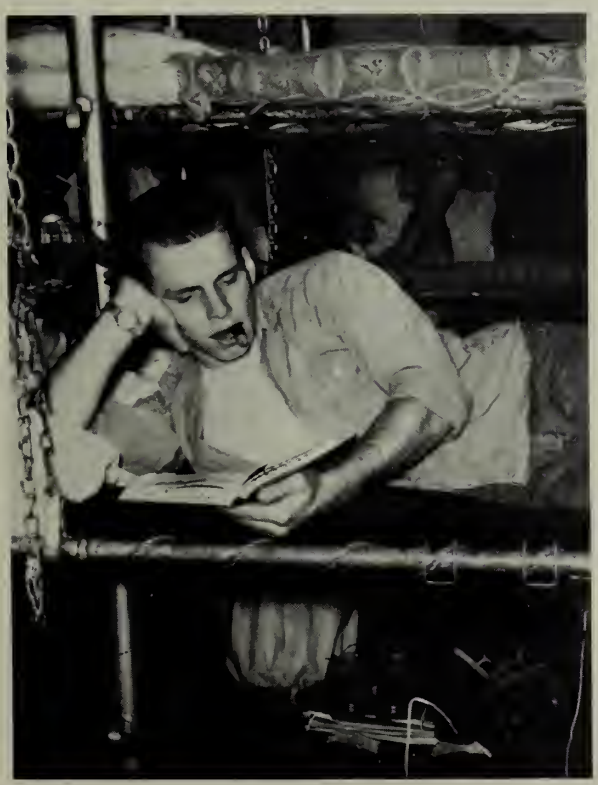
But with forgive and forget a byword at M.M.A. Salty joined the race with the rest of the first class for that rather elusive diploma. Good luck, Russ, in your future endeavors.



"Grundle"

Cross Country Team
Honor Guard
Propeller Club
Drill Team
Newman Club
Shellback

ALAN FRANCIS CRINNELL
Main Street
Wales, Massachusetts



"He had the strength of ten men." If muscles were dollars, what a rich man our Alan would be. The silent sentinel of the class, Al proved a match for his pal Chet, who instructed him in the ponderous world of the weights. But Al proved himself in the brains department also, as he stronged his way through the maze of math and Spanish.

Drawing the lucky billet for Nav. Div. proved a boon for Al, for it was here that he became enamoured of navigation and rules of the road. While on cruise, Al read a book on the celebration of the Chinese New Year and decided to try a few noises of his own, using Jamaican noisemakers. All were impressed by the demonstration, especially the Captain, who gave Al something to remember the occasion by.

Whether Al has his eye on distant horizons or that certain girl, we all wish him luck in the future.

LEO EDWARD MULDOWNEY
58 Park Avenue
Hyannis, Massachusetts

"Leo"

Rifle Team
Newman Club
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

With a batch of notebooks under one arm and hunting magazines under the other Leo stumbled up the gangway, amazed that a ship so large existed on the Bogs. Uneducated in the ways of the city boys Leo nevertheless baffled his shipmates with his Cape Cod logic and his ability to lose things. He soon discovered a friend in Bob Bolcome, though, and they spent many a happy week end discussing the various ways of carrying water in a bowl.

"Jims boy" showed his salts on the cruise, and instead of taking an extra days liberty in New Orleans he elected to stay aboard and show some Southern belles around the bridge. Never one to pass up a bargain Leo managed to buy a parrot in Cristobal, only to leave it behind at the mercy of the longshoremen.

"Who wants to buy a sweatshirt?" Picking up where Jake left off, Leo pulled many deals, and although he claims he wound up in the red, a few find it hard to believe. No matter what the outcome it's all the best to a true shipmate and a fine friend.

"Admiral"

Honor Guard
Drill Team
Muster Staff
Propeller Club
Shellback

RONALD EDWARD WEST
131 Fort Point Road
North Weymouth, Massachusetts

No other ship has been so gifted with two admirals, or one so young. Ron appeared on the scene with the gold braid, all right, but was soon famous for his ability with a brush. If ever a gifted artist went to sea Ron is the guy, and for many years after his endeavors will be seen gracing the bulkheads of the Bay State.

As well as Ron we'll remember his first cruise and the native of Chile that he met quite by accident. More than a year later we saw that same familiar face waving a fond farewell from a New Orleans pier. Thus we can't help but wonder that if in the future that famous knot might be tied . . .

For his exactness and precision Ron will be remembered, and it's a well wished good luck to Ron and those who ship with him.

DIVISION III

Extending from the foremost part of No. 5 hatch to the after-most extremity of the Bay State lies an area of peaceful bliss known as "Happy Valley". Nocruel dictator reigns here, no whip is cracked, nor is threat employed; its inhabitants are treated with paternal affection by that salty leader, Lou Page. Happy Valley means many things: a haven for youngies, a meeting place for countless bull sessions on the old quarterdeck, a romping ground for the ship's mascot, the pig. Here also lies the headquarters of the Boosun, as cozy a place to steal a smoke as any, and the priceless paint locker, a winner in any man's book. Cradled on the starboard side, rests the liberty launch, its days of usefulness long since passed. How well we all remember the futile attempts to get ashore in her, only to have her engine die out to the consternation of the engineers. Directly opposite her lies No. 4 boat, as swift a vessel as ever took to the sea. Unfailingly she was the first out and the first home during the abandon ship drills, snug in her half-chocks while the remaining boats were still being lowered.

If ever a third division man needed extra duty, Lou was the guy to see. His "contract" jobs were famous and no one was ever known to back out of one of these deals. Each year Lou thoughtfully gave his first classmen a graduation present, and with a sly twinkle in his eye and the perennial pipe in his mouth he'd gaze fondly at us trying the "gift" on for size. Lou was constantly at work for the Valley and while other divisions were continuously looking for "misplaced" gear, third never seemed to lack for a broom or hammer.

Those of us who had the good fortune to serve under Lou, will always remember it as a year of many things learned under a master seaman. Then the chips were down, Mr. Page was always there to show us how, and through the years to come, we'll always remember his unselfish efforts to teach us all he knew and then some.

LCDR. Lucian T. Page, USMS
Third Division Officer
Instructor of Seamanship, Cargo, Rules of Marine Inspection

Capt. Robert Murphy, **USMS**
Assistant Division Officer
Cruise Watch Officer

DIVISION III

J. D. Richards, F. A. Ascolillo, J. L. Stone, W. B. Thorup Jr., D. J. Landry, J. E. Mooers.

Home for the Happy

Ahhh . . . feel those bennies!!

"Why don't you try me some time?"

"So my old man says to me, he says 'Jack . . . . . ' "

JOHN DAVID FLANAGAN
5 Dean Road
Milton, Massachusetts

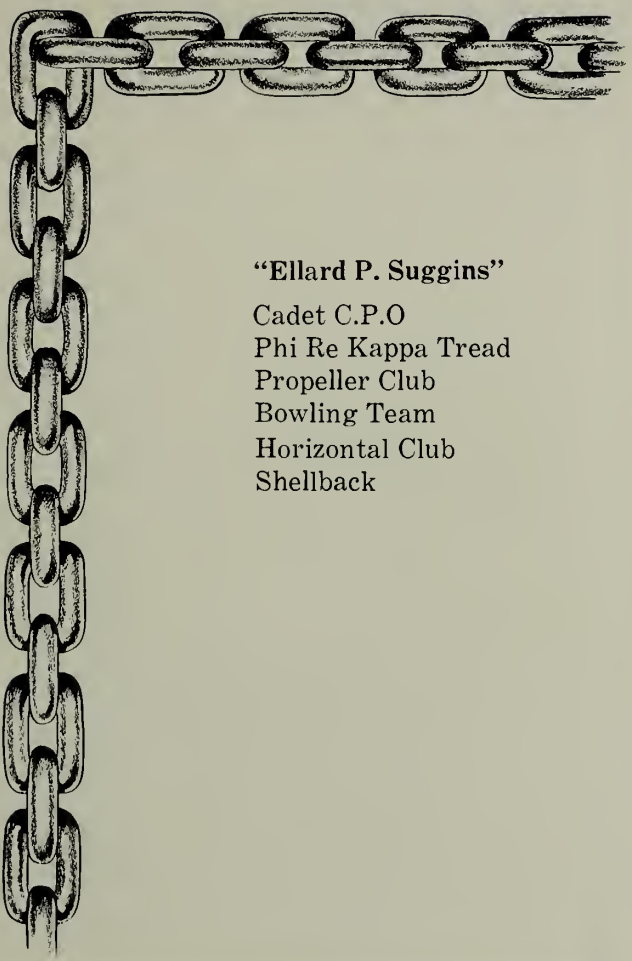
"Goon"

Cadet Ensign
Horizontal Club
Drill Team
Honor Guard
Propeller Club
Shellback

"What's your name, lad?" "John Chico Flanagan, Sir". Thus arrived the mechanic from Milton who soon enrolled in "Night School" here on campus. Jack was privileged to have late studies and along with Chico he managed to come up with the right answers. Such diligence and devotion paid off, as Jack was given the keys to city hall for successfully completing his youngie year.

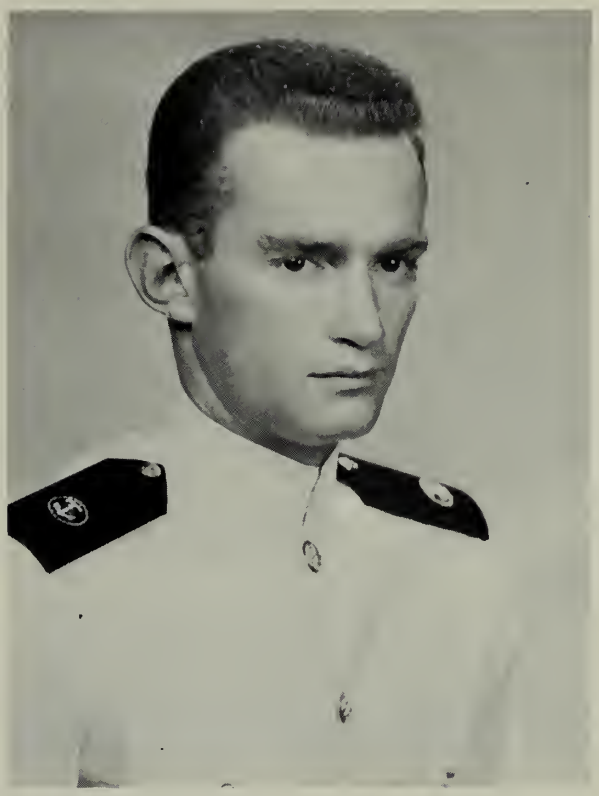
It was while he was a second classman that Jack was stricken with sleeping sickness which proved almost fatal a year later. Many a teacher was puzzled to look out and observe a sea of faces only to discover the top of a head. This rare faculty of learning through osmosis enabled Jack to sail into his final year while bagging a stripe to boot.

Jack soon discovered that being an upper job wasn't all peaches and cream, as the long arm of 'gation reached out and snared him by the collar. But with a little prodding from Karen, Jack will hurdle the finals and emerge victorious in the race for a diploma.



"Ellard P. Suggins"

Cadet C.P.O
Phi Re Kappa Tread
Propeller Club
Bowling Team
Horizontal Club
Shellback

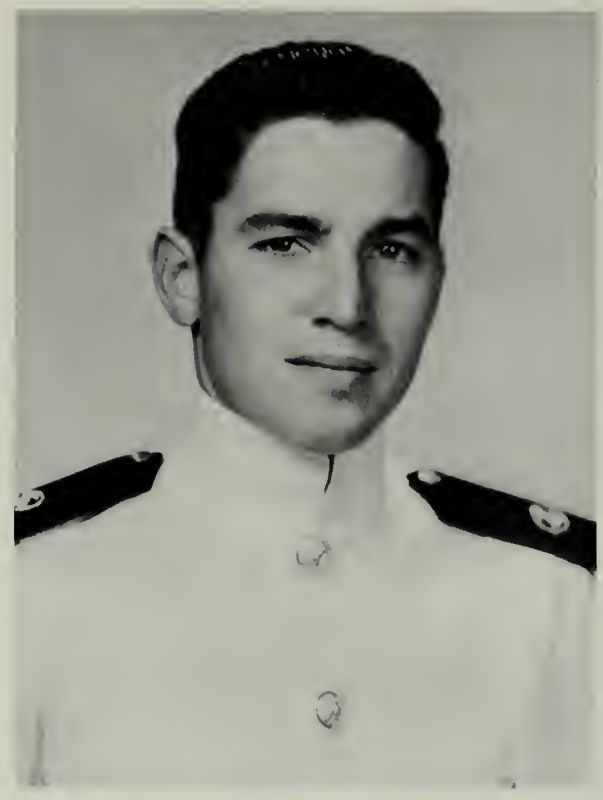


JAMES D. RICHARDS
233 Wood Street
New Bedford, Massachusetts

A hop, skip and a jump and Ellard was on the scene: mischievous, carefree and brimming with humor. Suggins soon discovered that the elements were going to be a problem here, since he was possessed of those rare and much sought after "windscoops". But a close friend solved that problem for him by attaching a Chevrolet to each lobe, thus keeping Ellard well grounded.

We were all delighted to learn that Ellard could mimic Johnathon Winters better than Johnathon Winters himself and many a night the compartment turned into a show case with Ellard the main attraction. Jim also proved to be dexterous with a pencil, but most of the time his portraits bore a rather peculiar resemblance to his subject.

Good times and good humor will follow Jim where ever he goes, and where ever a crowd is gathered listening to a war story we know we'll find old Ellard doing the talking.



FRANCIS ANTHONY ASCOLILLO
119 Cornell Street
Roslindale, Massachusetts

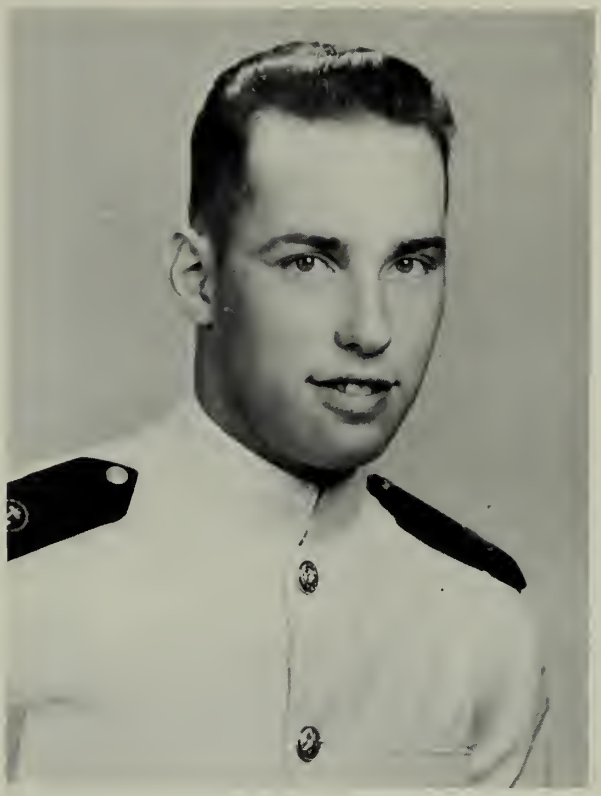
"Parney"

Phi Rekappa Tread
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Bowling Team
Shellback

Roaring over the black top early one morning streaked Frank Ascolillo, straight from the salt flats of Utah. Clutching a ratchet wrench in one fist and a tachometer in the other Parney wore the unmistakable signs of the avid auto mechanic. Soon Frank was giving free advice to all car owners, and even taps failed to halt his automotive tips.

In between plans for getting more rpm's out of his Chrysler Frank poured over road maps of Massachusetts, laying out the shortest route to Hyde Park. A minor mishap one year caused Frank to miss the checkered flag at the Bourne Auditorium, but Parney returned to us with more determination and fewer Hot Rod magazines.

Whether it's wedding bells or trade winds that Frank has on his mind we hope that good fortune will follow this mechanic turned mariner.



"Hoss"

Muster Staff
Literary Editor
Propeller Club
Baseball Team
Horizontal Club
President
Century Club
Shellback

DAVI D GARY LANDRY
106 Sawyer Avenue
Dorchester, Massachusetts

It was while running as a favorite at Suffolk Downs that the old Hoss was spotted as a likely candidate for the M.M.A. zoo. After much badgering and coaxing this four legged animal finally consented to switch stalls and bed down aboard the Bay State.

Finding little amusing about his new surroundings Hoss started kicking up his heels right from the start, and soon made the starting gate outside ships office almost every Wednesday. During this time he was also awarded the J.M. Memorial Shaft for his brilliant understanding of Algebra, which he insisted on pursuing Saturdays with a select group of intellectuals.

In spite of the many close shaves Hoss came through in the clutch, and practically retired during his final year. Some experts feel he might make "sack-time" his permanent profession, and if so we know he'll give it his very fullest attention.

JOSHUA E. MOOERS
508 Poplar Street
Roslindale, Massachusetts

"Josh"

Century Club
President
Honor Guard
Boxing Team
Phi Rekappa Tread
Propeller Club
Shellback

"You boys know nothing, do you, about the oriental cult of the supernatural, or this mysterious cloak I have draped over my shoulders." Thus was heralded the arrival of Josh, clutching his eight square feet of darkness. As time wore on we became used to this mystic and tried in vain to adopt his techniques.

From the very start Josh became interested in Captains Mast, and soon he was attending each weekly meeting faithfully. Because of this good attendance record Josh was elected president of the century club, a position he held throughout his entire stay at the Academy.

It was during one of his upper job years that Josh developed one of his own diseases, appropriately naming it "Joshua foot". Each night he proudly displayed it to a group of awed onlookers, and we had to admit that it certainly was a lulu. In spite of all these obstacles Josh kept an even keel, to which we say "well done and good luck!"

"Stoney"

Rifle Team
Drill Team
Phi Rekappa Tread
Propeller Club
Bowling Team
Horizontal Club
Shellback

JOSEPH LAWRENCE STONE
11 Ruggles Street
Melrose, Massachusetts

"Happy go lucky" might best describe Joe as he embarked on his nautical career at MMA. Soon Stoney was in competition with the Sea Bass, both endeavoring to cheer us up one minute after reveille. Although his efforts weren't fully appreciated at that early hour this failed to dampen Joe's enthusiasm for an early morning gag or a lengthy joke that usually lasted until breakfast.

During Stoney's first year at the Academy he was stricken with that terrible malady known as mathematicians disease. Stoney tried his best to recover but all was for naught, and he finally succumbed after a valient struggle. Joe bounced back quickly though, finally mastering the intricacies of the slide rule.

Between studies and post as commanding officer of the Incorrigibles Joe had little time for that certain gal. We know there will be plenty of time after graduation and whether it's matrimony or the Merchies we wish Joe the very best.

WILLIAM BARRET THORUP
Tarklin Road
Kingston, Massachusetts

"Barry"

Football Team
Honor Guard
Color Guard
Rifle Team
Muster Staff
Propeller Club
Shellback

From Kingston, Mass. came Barry, Ripleys answer to M.M.A. Conscientious from the start Barry put his nose to the grindstone, and with his knowledge of seamanship learned during the days of oars and sail he impressed everyone with his nautical knowledge.

As the year progressed Barry became engrossed in the intricacies of Math; so much so that he gave up a couple of Saturday liberties for a few extra lessons.

Usually Barry could be found in the midst of a heated discussion, arguing from personal experience, he would say, not merely something he had read. Perhaps this resulted in the stormy seas he encountered with that certain gal, but it was only a temporary storm that soon passed.

The class of '63 wishes you luck, Barry, whether it's on the roads of Kingston or the decks of a ship.

DIVISION IV

Cdr. William J. Connors, U.S.N.R.
Navigator
Instructor of Navigation and
Rules of the Road.
Chairman, Athletic Comm.

Navigation Division is headed by a person who takes such pride in physical well being that when he is the OOD, the messenger has a difficult time refraining himself from passing the word, "track shoes will be uniform for check muster". This could be no other than Commander William J. Connors, the officer who can continually be heard screaming to his classes 90% !!!! and "not one of you will get it" !!!!

Although many may complain at times about Cdr. Connors, none would want to be without him. In spite of his screams that no one will achieve a passing mark on the license exams, through his fatherly guidance nearly everyone manages to achieve the required 90% in each of the subjects that he teaches. We have much to thank him for. It is largely through his efforts that we will become not only more mates looking for work, but good mates, much in demand by the steamship companies.

The Captain also takes quite an interest in this division. At almost any time one can see assorted pieces of electronic equipment in various stages of disassemble. The fathometer was in working condition until one of the many elastic bands or match book covers that held it together was broken or jarred loose. This calamity only led to more exploration into the mysterious world of electronics. The sudden interest of the Captain in electronics was speculated upon many times when someone found a small booklet entitled, "A Children's Guide To Electronics" with the inscription, "Merry Christmas Dick".

While other divisions pride themselves on the amount of deck area that they scale, Nav. Div. is freed of such drudgery because "Bill" hates noise. When he was ordered by the Captain to start chipping the decks about the bridge on the last cruise, he tried to do as little as possible. But because of the determination of his two striper nearly the entire 0-3 deck was finished.

Being a member of Navigation Division is considered to be one of the "deals" of the first class year. A person in this division not only can look down upon his classmates slaving away while docking the ship, but also has the opportunity of learning much of the behind the scenes operation in the bridge. When the men of navigation go to sea, they are far ahead of their fellow graduates in that they are well versed in the equipment and numerous publications connected with the intricate operations of a bridge.

P. J. Lawrence, F. J. Coupal

"I'm studying now, would you call later."

"I'm not talking while the flavor lasts."

FREDERICK J. COUPAL
57 Denver Street
Springfield 9, Massachusetts

"Pal"

Cadet Lieutenant
Rifle Team
Newman Club
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

"What I need is a squared away youngie . . . find Coupal!" Thus Fred passed his youngie days, providing the brain power for his lazy first classmen. Fred quickly adapted himself to the books and shipboard life and the only thing that seemed to bother him was the heat, which brought on quite a bit of sweat. But in spite of this, Freddy led the class through the algebra nightmares and "bunny patches", emerging at the top of the class for this our first year.

During his second job year, Fred and Earl led each other through churlish nightmares, mimicking the various calls of the animal kingdom, much to the consternation of the rest of the class. But soon things quieted down and with the help of his friend Harpo, Fred captured the gold bars in Navigation Division.

For Fred, his first class year was a breeze, and without his knowledge of clocks, we would never have known what time it was. We all want to wish you the best of luck at Pensacola, Fred, and if we ever get down to visit you, we're sure we can find you lounging around the hangers.

PETER JOHN LAWRENCE
18 Spring Street
Cohasset, Massachusetts

"Renzi"

Battalion Commander
Rifle Team
Circle 'K' Club
Honor Guard
Golf
Propeller Club
Shellback

From his very first day aboard Pete had his eye on the door next to the barber shop, and from experience gained at the Cohasset Yacht Club proved himself to be a likely choice for the job. Pete was seen with Pat Shields so often that after a while it was quite difficult to tell who was who. Often this duo could be seen with heads together, discussing complex problems of Navigation or rules of good seamanship.

During the infamous hunger strike Pete proved to be a leader of men, for with the four bars of Battalion Commander on his shoulders nothing was beyond his grasp. Many of us wondered, though, if perhaps his love for ship construction might come between him and a certain young lady. Our fears were never realized, however, as Renzi proved to be the sterling leader that we had expected.

The well wishes of all of us go with you, Pete, and we know it won't be long before you're wearing again those four gold bars that you love so well.

ENGINEERING

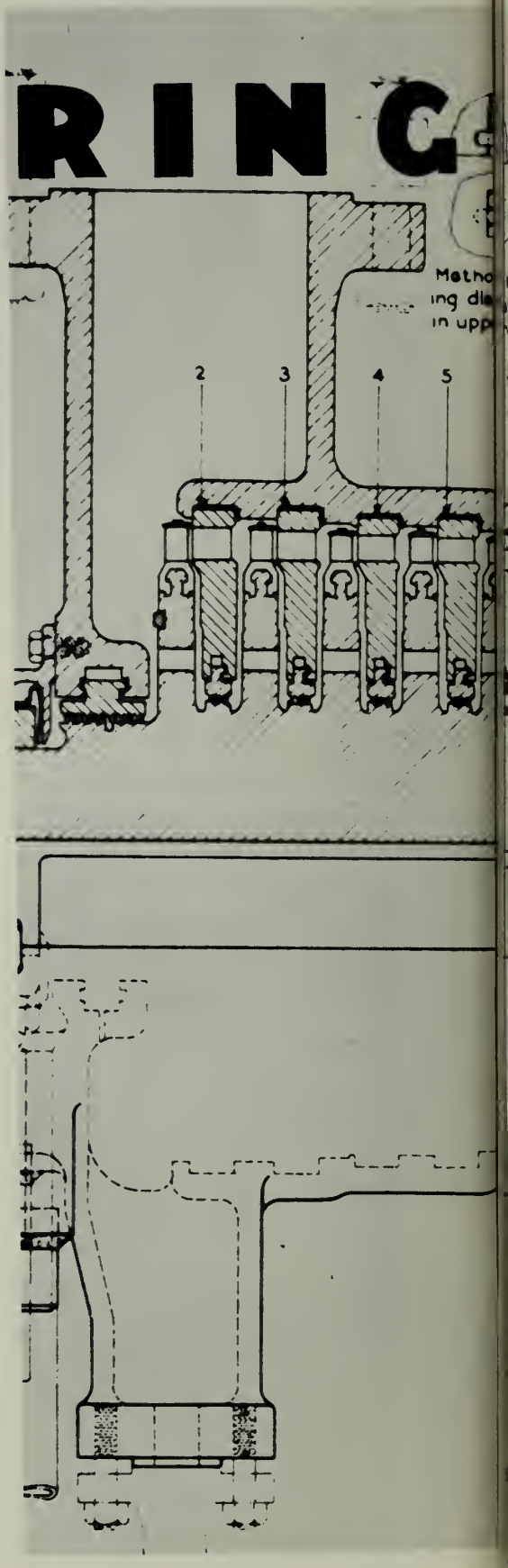
The purpose of the engineering course is to enable young men to become qualified marine engineers. This course has been designed with many facets, all of which will form officers capable of making sound and accurate decisions based on an academic background in subjects varying from engines and electricity to thermodynamics and nuclear power. The course emphasizes the acceptance of responsibility by utilizing the chain of command, inclusive of all classes, both on watch and during the academic day. Basic trades such as welding and machine work are taught in conjunction with the practical maintenance of the ship's machinery where the midshipmen utilize the knowledge of text and instruction with their hands.

Academically, the engineer is molded by concentrated study in all of the fields he will find on a ship and their supporting courses. The best example of a supporting course is themodynamics as other courses in steam engines, boilers, evaporators, and refrigeration all utilize the principles of thermo. A background in calculus and analytic geometry facilitates explanations of theories in nuclear power, electricity, and electronics. The liberal arts of literature, economics, and history helps round out the character of the midshipman so that a man is formed instead of a machine.

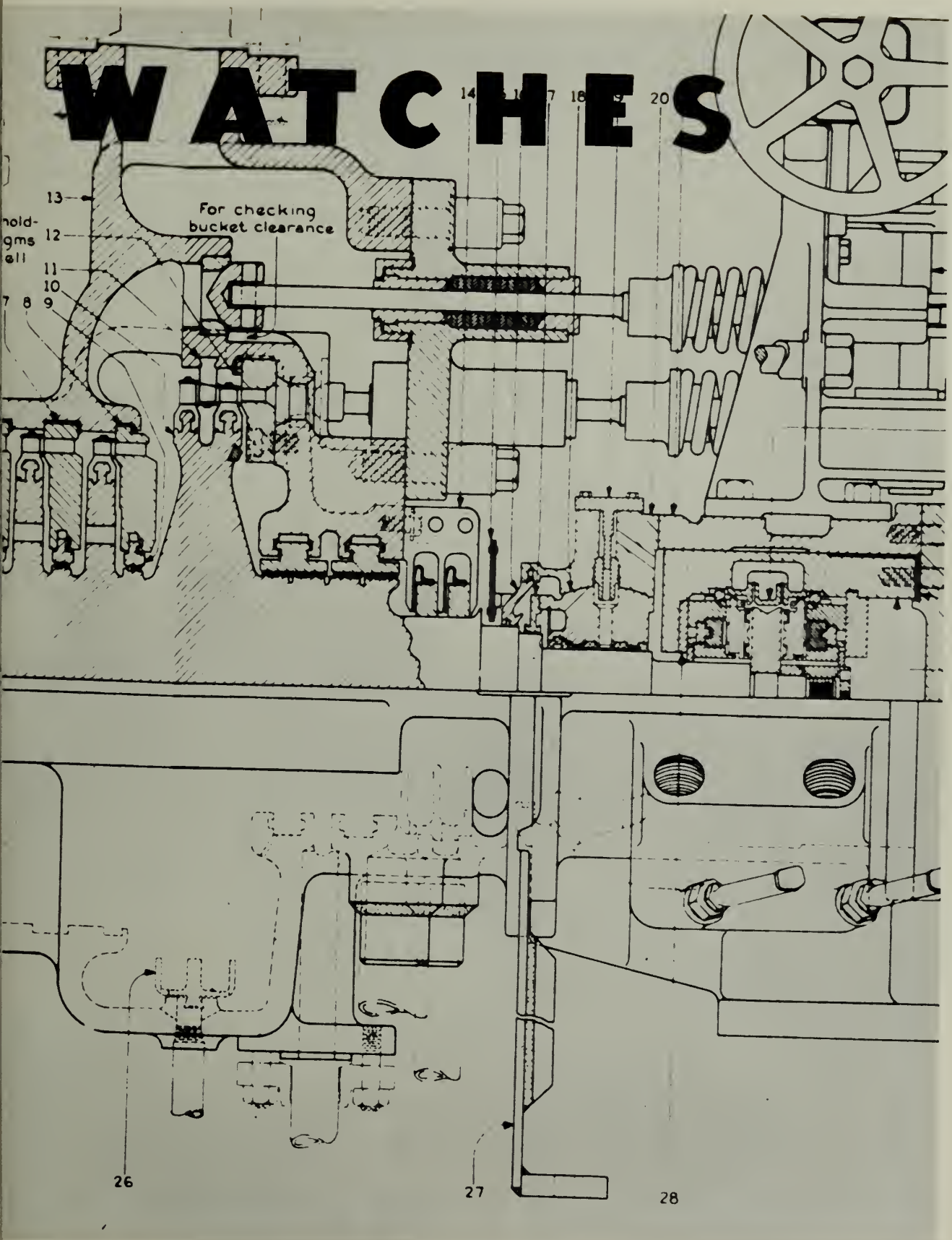
During the cruise, practical work must be done quickly, accurately, and efficiently. The first class teach the underclassmen as officers supervise the first class. If a job is given to an engineer, he accepts the responsibility and does it. At sea, the midshipmen run the engines and make decisions each in turn of watch bill rotation. Naturally the Chief Engineer states what is to be done and a qualified officer is in the spaces at all times in case things may become out of hand.

When the courses have been successfully completed with the passing of the U.S.C.G. license exam, the engineering midshipmen become Third Assistant Engineers for any size vessel, diesel or steam, holders of a B.S. Degree in Marine Steam and Electrical Engineering, and are qualified for the U.S.N.R. as commissioned officers.

Peter H. Estabrooks
Battalion Adjutant



WATCHES



SECTION I

Lcdr. Frederick H. G. Wright, USNR
Boiler Division Officer
Instructor of Boilers and Property of Materials

Machinist William L. LaCasse Jr.
Assistant Boiler Division Officer

BOILER DIVISION

Lcdr. Wright, a graduate of MMA, class of 43, Merchant Marine and Naval Officer, is our capable division officer who is ably assisted in this capacity by the middies, friend, Machinist Willy La Casse Jr.

Section One's duties are to take care of the heart of the ship: The boilers and their accessories, the feed pumps, the fuel oil pumps, make-up feed evaps, and the fuel oil. At a maintenance formation, that is after all late arrivals are present, jobs of the day are assigned. Minutes later you can find Kieley and Kelley transferring fuel oil, Duprey and Collins pulling the steam piston of the auxiliary feed pump, Estabrooks and Wingate compounding the boiler, Kimball, drawing to mechanical drawing specifications, charts of the fuel oil tanks, McClellan and Baraldi in the laundry wrinkling kahkies, and lamb marshalling his forces to make the forward engine room gleam.

Estabrooks took over the duties of bossman of the section after the short lived reign of Dolan and Kieley. Baraldi became the CPO of the section late in the cruise and stood "nobly" beside Estabrooks at all formations.

As work does not consume all of the waking hours at the academy, even though at times you receive the impression it does, studies and recreation are included. The log office study club of McClellan, Kelley, Wingate and the castaway, Wright Jr., can often be found, if not always studying, at least in the club house. Collins and Kimball are the musicians of the group. Collins trys hard on the squeeze box and Kimball plays a mean jews harp. Section One is the annual skaters watch and for '63 Kieley, Lamb, Duprey and Kelley have kept up that tradition.

In Section One there is a close relationship between the division officers and the middies which have made our stay at the academy a profitable and enjoyable three years.

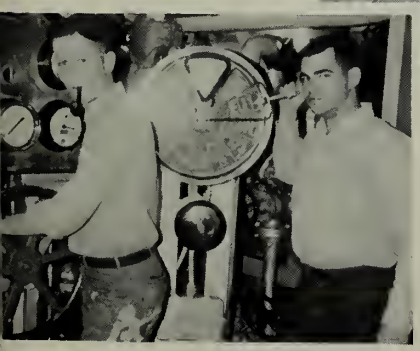
WATCH I

From Left to Right: J. P. Kimball, R. P. Duprey, J. F. Keiley, H. J. Lamb Jr., W. J. McClellan Jr., W. J. Baraldi, J. F. Kelley, H. E. Wingate, P. H. Estabrooks.

Boiler No. 1 on Main Line.

"They'll never guess where that truck load of oil went".

"Complete Sobriety"



A nice chain of operation!

"So ya want to get into Boiler Division do you?"

PETER HALL ESTABROOKS
43 Stearns Street
Newton, Massachusetts

"Esta"

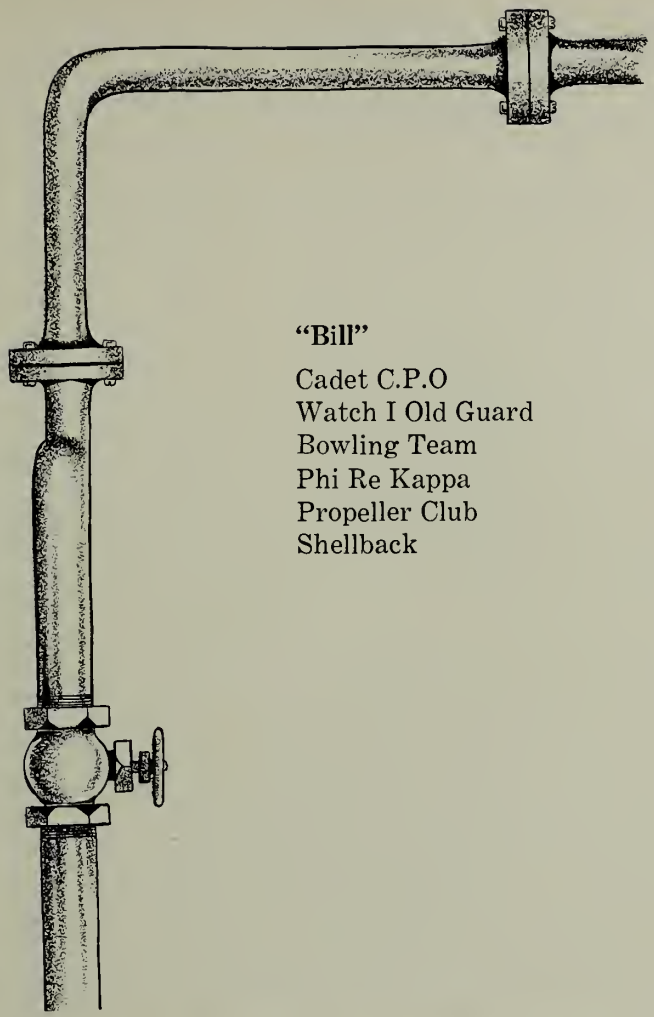
Battalion Adjutant
Golf
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

Early on the morning of August 9, 1960 the Officer of the Watch was alarmed when he saw a slithering snake emerge from a Mack truck at the foot of the gangway. Little did he know that this snake was destined to wear the big three.

After many cozy hours as a youngie, Peter commenced to prove himself in his second-job year and, never one to stall, rose from the depths of the bilges to heights of infamy with his animosity for the godly injunction of the Taft-Hartley law during the now famous strike of "62".

The party at Peter's house after the Ring Dance was a pleasant and memorable highlight of our first-class year.

With his willingness to accept responsibility and to stand up for the rightful privileges of others we are sure that he will earn the same respect and admiration from those with whom he may serve as he has from us.



"Bill"

Cadet C.P.O
Watch I Old Guard
Bowling Team
Phi Re Kappa
Propeller Club
Shellback

WILLIAM J. BARALDI
6 Glencoe Street
Springfield, Massachusetts

With an ominous shadow before his face Bill returned to M.M.A. with our class. He was determined this time to keep his nose to the grindstone.

In his third-class year Bill, being more experienced as a third-classman but less experienced as a youngie, developed a paternal feeling for those of his classmates who were in need of counsel.

In his first-class year he temporarily became leader of Watch I.

Always consistent in his dating activities this Don Juan of Springfield with his outstanding silhouette and inherent Italian charm is sure to enjoy a profitable occupation shipping out in the Persian Gulf.

We know that Wap's extensive engineering knowledge and his amiable personality are sure to bring him success and happiness in the future.

FRANCIS D. COLLINS
260 Jerusalem Road
Cohasset, Massachusetts

"Franny"

Newman Club
Band
Ring Committee
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

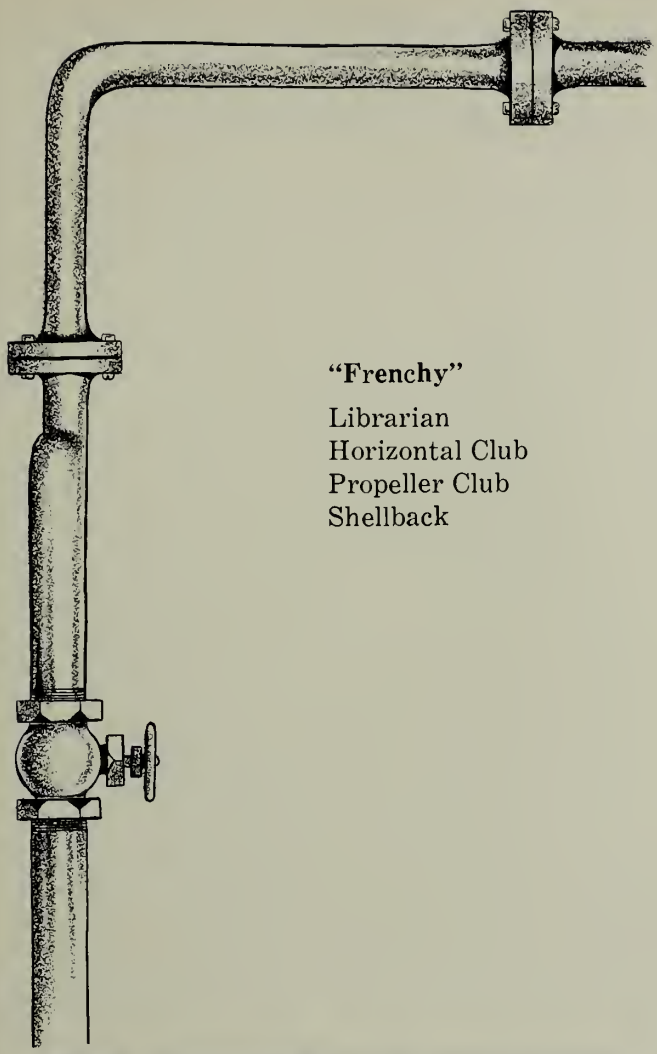
Evidence brought into play by the Revenoors provided Franny with a vacation from the academy and an opportunity to learn the ways of the sea onboard the Chain.

Somewhat out of uniform in his frog-feet, face-mask, and aqua-lung Franny made his re-entry rather dramatic by boarding the Bay State through the sea-water injection.

Swimming in the shark-infested waters of Aruba Midshipman Collins made possible the continuation of the 1962 cruise.

Franny always interested himself in the smaller but more intricate repair assignments in the engine room. Morganized consistently for two and a half years Franny nevertheless displayed to his classmates his exceptional engineering abilities.

Armed with his copies of Playboy and Time we feel confident that Franny will ride out any storm or Gail.



"Frenchy"

Librarian
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

RICHARD PHILIP DUPREY
28 Irving Street
Worcester, Massachusetts

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Who is the bitterest of them all"
With the prophetic answer from the mirror,
Frenchie found his way to M.M.A.

An avid animal lover, Bob was noted for his affection for frogs, rabbits, little black dogs and one stripers. Frenchie spent many many long hours in technical discussions with "Groid" and "Bing" on the secrets of engineering, such as micrometer readings and bearing temperatures.

Bob has been a great source of humor to his classmates and we are glad that he has made it through his many near-escapes.

If Bob manages his ships as well as his trucks, he is sure to find his way to the safety reports of the Coast Guard Proceedings. Good Luck, Bob, the Bonnie World awaits you.

JOHN FRANCIS KEILEY
60 Wait Street
Roxbury, Massachusetts

"Wedge"

Cadet Ensign (Retired)
Watch I Old Guard
Century Club
Oil King
Propeller Club
Shellback

Being the lowest bidder John was awarded the contract of No. 1 Wedge for the Maranuchi Bros. Construction Company and served his apprenticeship under the Duke. Valuable experience gained at this job was later put to good use when he became Oil King.

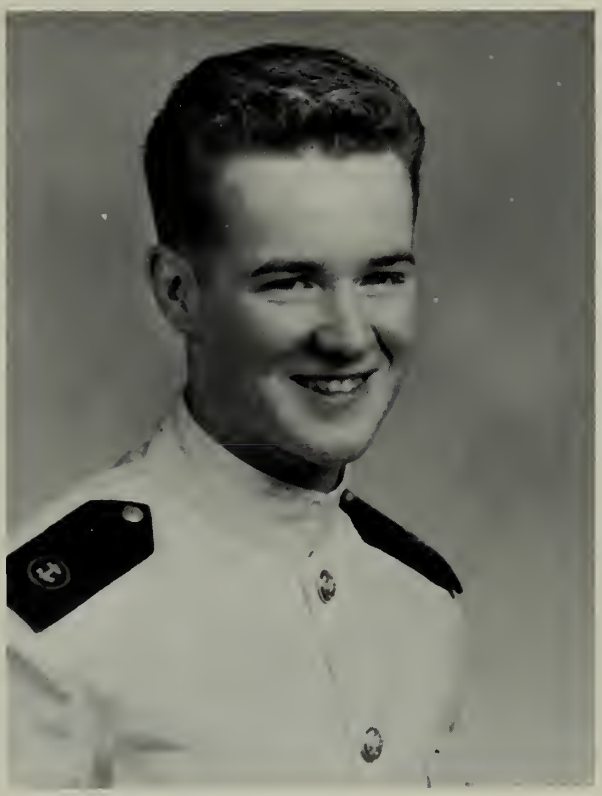
John never broke the ties which bound him to Watch I and as a second-job became right hand panther man to another Watch I pal.

His industrious nature and his willingness to learn won him the dubious distinction of being Cadet Ensign in Watch I. However, this position was short-lived as he was one of the three lambs led to slaughter on that fateful day preceding the cigar chewing maniac's last stand.

Wedge has never let his misfortune dull his sharp wit and is wished by all well-deserved success in the future.

"Kel"

Watch I Old Guard
Drill Team
Weight-Lifting Club
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Shellback



JOHN FRANCIS KELLEY
14 Ellis Street
Woburn, Massachusetts

Wielding a guitar, a friendly smile, and a pocketful of Charles Atlas magazines, Johnny M. swaggered up the gangway and reported for duty at M.M.A.

As a third classman he became one of the boys in the Buzzard-Maranucchi tooling group. Upon becoming a second-job, John decided he had had enough sand kicked in his face and immediately embarked upon a vigorous physical culture program. Frequently setting the weights aside, John spent much time in the engine room, turning the yellow valves, symbolic of the Fuel-Oil King.

The result of these many hours of work was a sincere effort on John's part to regain his strength in the famous horizontal position.

Hoping to someday find John guitar soloist at the Palace, we wish John success in the future.

JEFFREY PARKER KIMBALL

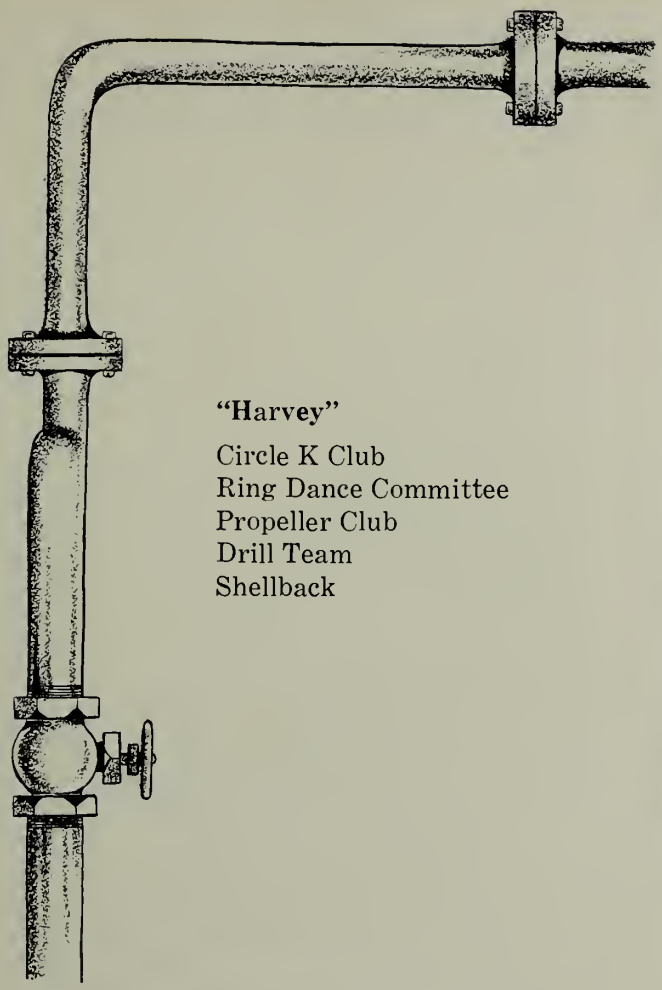
"Goeff"

Watch I Old Guard
Cross-Country Team
Manager (2 and 3)
Soccer Team
Muster Staff
Band
Ring Dance Committee
Propeller Club
Shellback

One of the most intriguing and cultured individuals to ever enter the gates of M.M.A., Goeff stepped onto the quarterdeck of the Bay State and dramatically raising his head to the heavens quoted from **Macbeth** in a voice so all might hear, "So fair and foul a day I have not seen." On his way to the bilges he then broke into an aria from Verdi's **Aida.**

Goeff plunged merrily into his second-job year by giving up his attempt to find the stack crossovers and by channeling his intellectual endeavors to mastering the theory of steam plant operation.

An able writer Jeff has made many important contributions to our yearbook and keeps up a steady correspondence with the Atomic Energy Commission. We hope that Jeff will be able to have and enjoy the "nicer" things in life.



"Harvey"

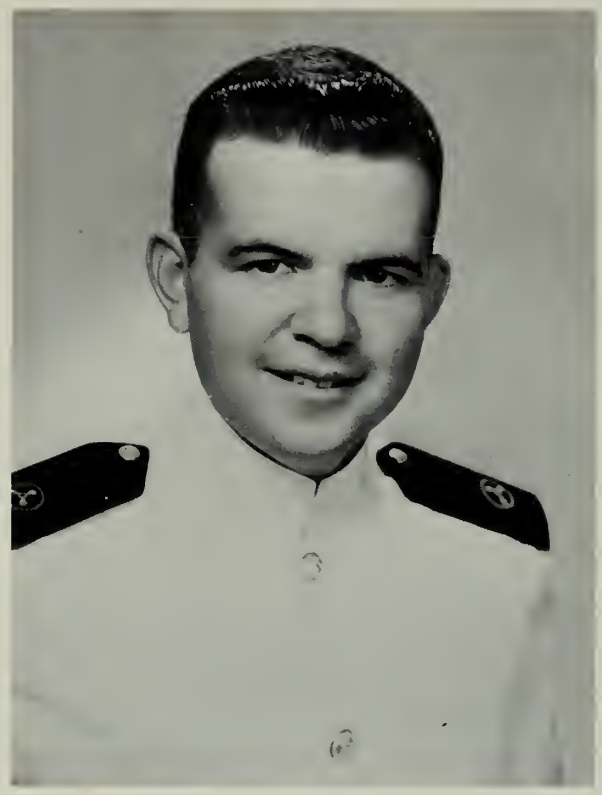
Circle K Club
Ring Dance Committee
Propeller Club
Drill Team
Shellback

HENRY JOSEPH LAMB, JR.
20 Williams Street
Quincy, Massachusetts

On the evening of our day of arrival most of the class wondered if this was a school of the sea or of animal husbandry. We repeatedly heard a loud Baaa, Baaa, Baaa. We later found out that this sound was made by a classmate, H.J. Lamb. A true sea dog and navy man from the start, Harvey hoisted signal flags in reverse, assisted in writing the avidly read, "Navy Times," and efficiently answered phones with officer-like clarity.

An ardent souvenir hunter, Harv always returned with treasures of ash trays, coconuts and palm branches, the latter to be used to rid the ship of vileness. Always looking out for the unfortunate in poorer parts of the world, M.M.A.'s personnel officer aided these people by offering jobs on the ship, even if none were available.

With his willingness to learn and abundance of good humor, Harv is surely to succeed in his chosen field.



WILLIAM J. McCLELLAN
192 Florence Street
Roslindale, Massachusetts

"Shakes"

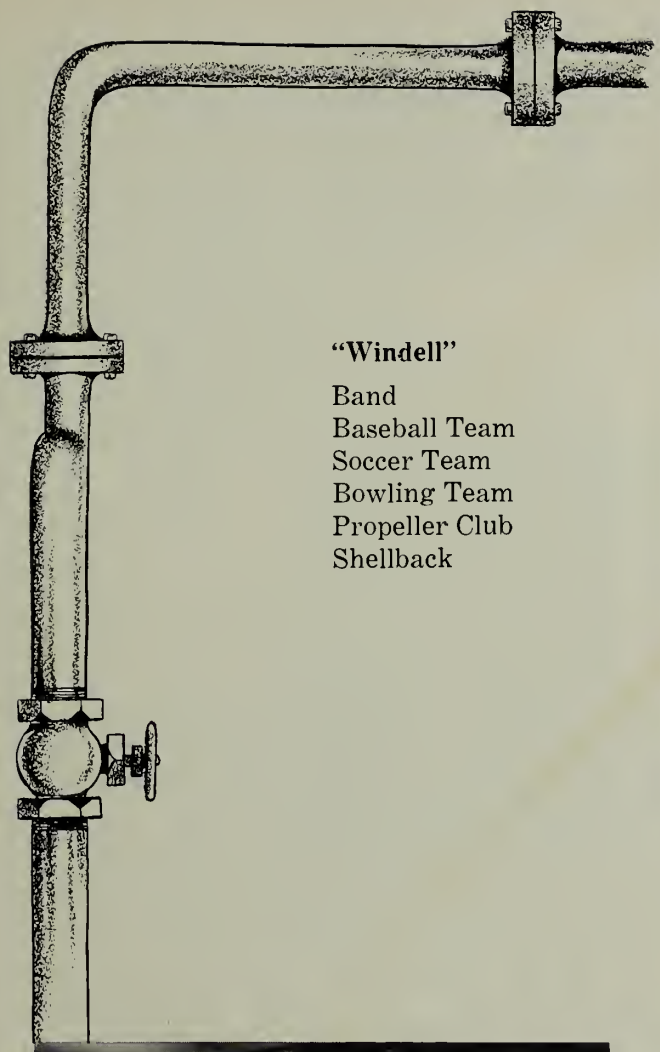
Circle K Club
Vice President
Drill Team
Bowling Team
Propeller Club
Shellback

A natural for coming to MMA since he personally knew the designers and builders of the "Bay State", Mac began his career by tying his sea serpent to the face of the pier.

Showing a sincere interest in the intricacies of engineering, Mac could often be seen tracing out lines and attempting to master the other hard to understand phases of plant operation.

Working in the ship's laundry during his spare time Mac profited immensely from his week ends aboard; in fact, he spent so much time in the laundry he began to take on the shaking characteristics of a washing machine.

Friend of the Beatnick, Man about New Orleans, and Supreme Vegitator, Mac with his Yankee ingenuity, spelling prowess and warm personality is sure to lead a prosperous life.



"Windell"

Band
Baseball Team
Soccer Team
Bowling Team
Propeller Club
Shellback

HENRY E. WINGATE
48 Chester Street
Watertown, Massachusetts

From Watertown came Henwee, a friendly, easy-going guy who never raised his voice. Henry's cool head was a rarity among Middies.

As a third classman Henry was always willing to help his classmates no matter what was asked of him. Having applied himself in his third class year Henry became an engineer of Watch I vintage—a rose among thorns.

Henry applied himself equally as well on the soccer field as he did in the classroom and became a proficient member of the school's first team.

Over the blatant tones of M.M.A.'s marching band the poignant melodies of Henry's clarinet could be heard during drill.

Having prepared himself well for further education we know that Henry will succeed on whatever course he chooses to sail.

SECTION II

Lt. Mario Tonello, USMS
Machinery Division Officer

Lt. Angus E. MacLeod, USMS
Assistant Division Officer
Shop Theory Instructor

MACHINERY DIVISION

We shall now visit the controversial hub of the "Bay State", the after engine room. Machinery Division, as it is called, or as its veterans call it, "Marion Division", as its veterans call it, Mario Division", is headed by the illustrious "right hand man", Lt. Mario Tonello, and Lt. Angus Mac Leod.

Mr. Tonello is the backbone of all maintenance work. There is a "new" Chinese proverb which states: "He who works with Mario shall get hands dirty."

Angus, when not making iced coffee, can usually be found puttering around his centrifugal lube oil purifier, which he treats like a baby—he cleans it regularly!

The senior cadet officers in section II is Cadet Lt. Roger Caron. He does his best to spread his vast amount of knowledge, in all things, to those under him. Roger's No. 1 assistant is Cadet Ensign K. C. Winroth. K. C. has not only mastered the steam turbine, but is also an authority on motorcycles and hot rods. The jolly old man of the group is "Fred" Wright. During the past cruise "Fred" did much research concerning the air currents from the blowers in the after engine room. On the last run from Trinidad to Buzzards Bay Bob La Crosse and Jim Landry teamed up in the forward engine room to run the engine at "Top" efficiency in order that we all could get home as early as possible. Fred Walsh is still puzzled over the way the auxiliary and main condensate pumps are able to fill the auxiliary condenser. Paul Kenny spect many hours hopping about the engine room bestowing his knowledge on all present. For this he earned the coveted title, "chief". Many strange and wonderful things occurred in the engine room due to the efforts of Jack Dolan and John Simpson. During the past cruise, Jack could usually be found drinking coffee from his private cup. He seemed to have "coffee" on the brain all the time — very strange. John spent much of his time preparing for Saint Patrick's Day. He managed to learn that "wonderful" Irish song "Galway Bay". To enlighten the whole group is one who arrived as fast as light aboard a kite he said he had made himself. It could be none other than "Billy Boy" of Somerville.

You Name It, And We'll Try And Fix It.

We'll Do-Good!

Well, That Takes Care Of Another Maintenance Day!

AH! She Didn't Notice Her Turbine Rattling!

All Machinery Running Smoothly!

From left to right: R. E. Caron, K. C. Winroth, W. B. Hoey, R. T. Lacrosse, J. P. Simpson, P. L. Kenny, J. E. Landry, R. A. Wright, J. T. Dolan, F. J. Walsh.

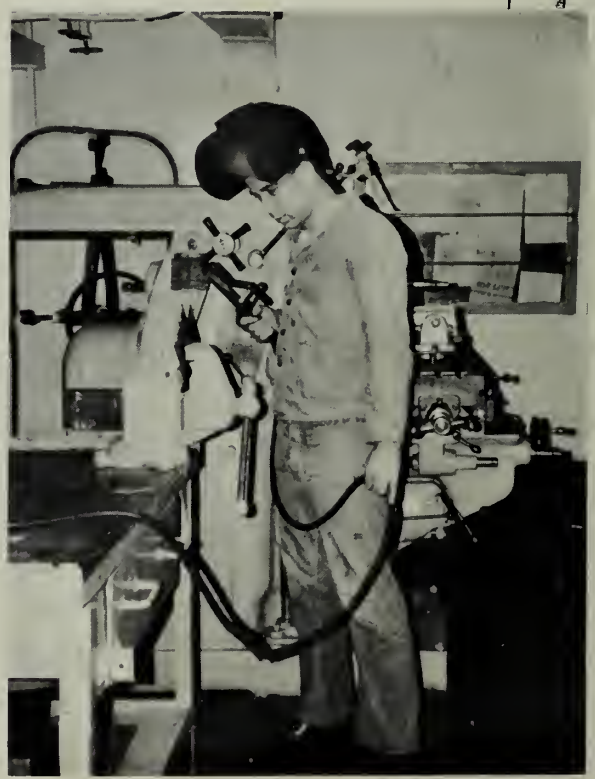
ROGER E. CARON
Harbor Street
Sandwich, Massachusetts

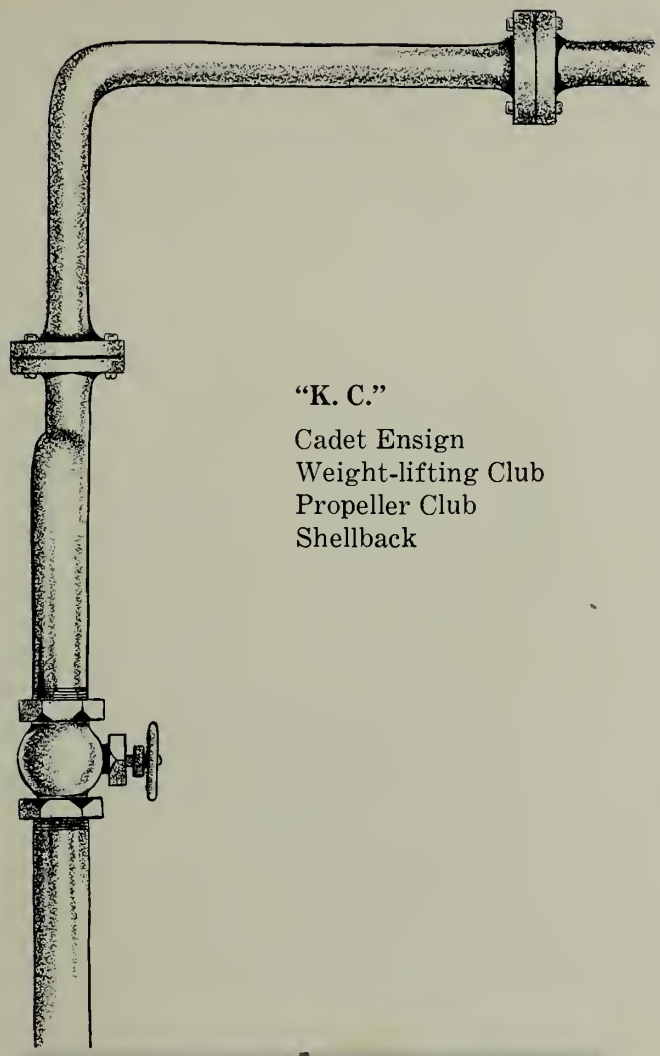
"Rog"

Cadet Lieutenant
Circle K Club
President
Soccer Team
Phi Rekappa Tread
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

Well versed in oratorical skills, the technicalities of Hi-Fi building and installation, sign painting and special-making, Roger returned, after a years vacation, to M.M.A. Chief spokesman for the "Circle K Club" he made a rapid transformation from Second Class litterbug to First Class Cadet Lieutenant. Temporarily attached to the UPI and other world wide news services Roger went on to be one of the most outspoken representatives of the class during the strike of '62.

A devoted participant in school-advancement activities Roger has always been one to use his influence in the best interests of everyone. Destined to succeed in Atom Bombs and Organizational Procedure we wish him the best of luck in the years to come.





"K. C."

Cadet Ensign
Weight-lifting Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

KRISTIAN CHARLES WINROTH
144 West Street
Stoughton, Massachusetts

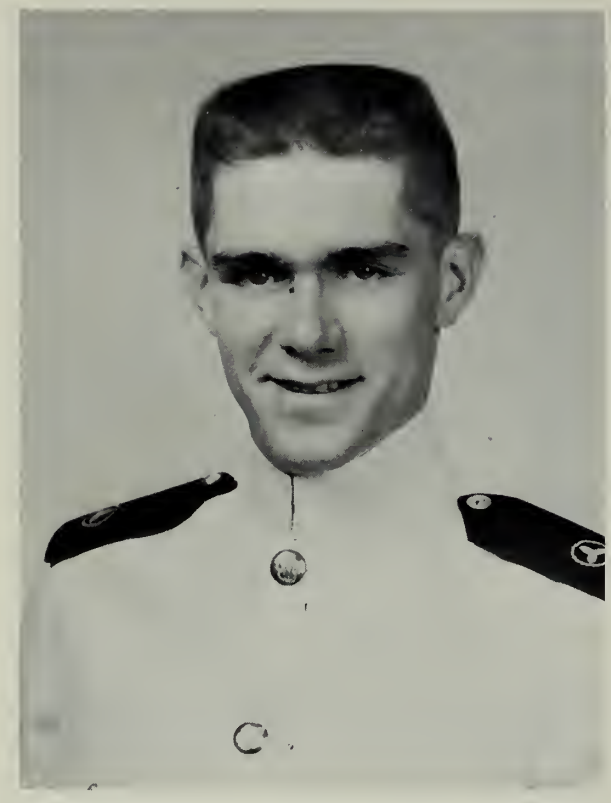
With hair combed back, cool shoes, Levi dungarees, and a caddy shirt, K. C. arrived tardily on a high wind from Stoughton. A tall thin lad with a shy nature, Kris soon changed his ways under this new system-upperjob and youngie.

A student of automobiles and their engines, Kris was wanted by sources in Detroit who would employ his fantastic ideas on cars. Since Detroit wanted to see one of his cars, well, Kris never reached the "Motor City".

A descendant of a Nordic sea-faring family, Kris was urged to attend dear ole M.M.A. instead of Wentworth.

Growing in stature and casting aside his old ways, Kris stood out among us as a second-class engineer and for such became a Cadet Ensign in Watch II.

With his great mechanical skill and ingenuity, Kris is surely wished the best in engineering occupations.



JOHN THOMAS DOLAN
1 Waymount Street
Roxbury, Massachusetts

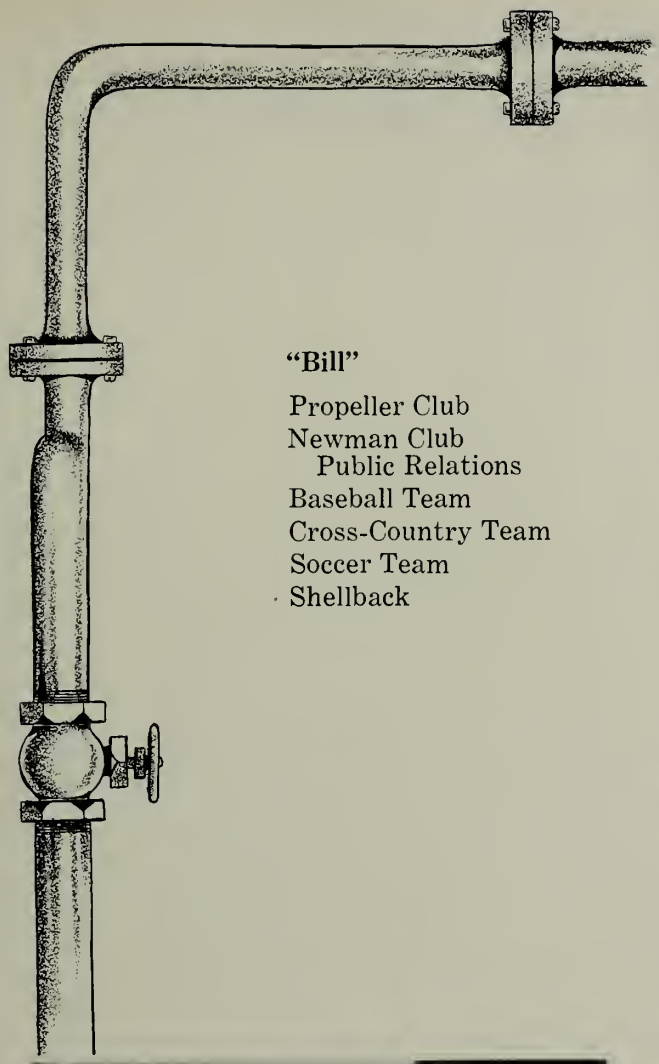
"Doc"

Cadet Lieutenant (Retired)
Circle K. Club
Newman Club
Honor Guard
Century Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

An elusive shadow that could often be seen gliding cozily through the compartments and engineering spaces was the only clue to the existence of this most devoted disciple of Doctor Strange. From his amazingly successful internship as a third-classman the doctor applied for and received residence in the engineers' compartment.

For his many hours of devoted effort Jack was awarded the big two in Boiler Div., only to be promptly reclaimed by that Choc-ful-O'-Nuts man.

A serious student of engineering Jack has been from the beginning one of the top men in the class and one of the best engineers at the academy. Not one to stop plugging he has always been held in the highest respect by his classmates.



"Bill"

Propeller Club
Newman Club
Public Relations
Baseball Team
Cross-Country Team
Soccer Team
Shellback

WILLIAM B. HOEY, JR.
35 Hudson Street
Somerville, Massachusetts

Occasionally in the course of history the world is blessed with the appearance of an individual who is destined to shine brighter than all the rest. To shed a little light on the subjects of turtle-neck gowns, handshaking, and large families, our own familiar "Light-Bulb" came to M.M.A. Whether the sample was sent from G.E. or Westinghouse we do not know. Nevertheless, it has continued to glow brightly for three years.

Hopping through the compartment one evening the wascally wabbit was attwacted by a mystewious glow. There on the deck, slightly mummified, lay Bill. Dimmed slightly, but not extinguished, Bill went on to continue his bright career in the classroom.

We are sure that the light will always shine before him on whatever path Bill follows. Best wishes always, Bill.

PAUL L. KENNY
49 College Avenue
Medford, Massachusetts

"P.L. Special"

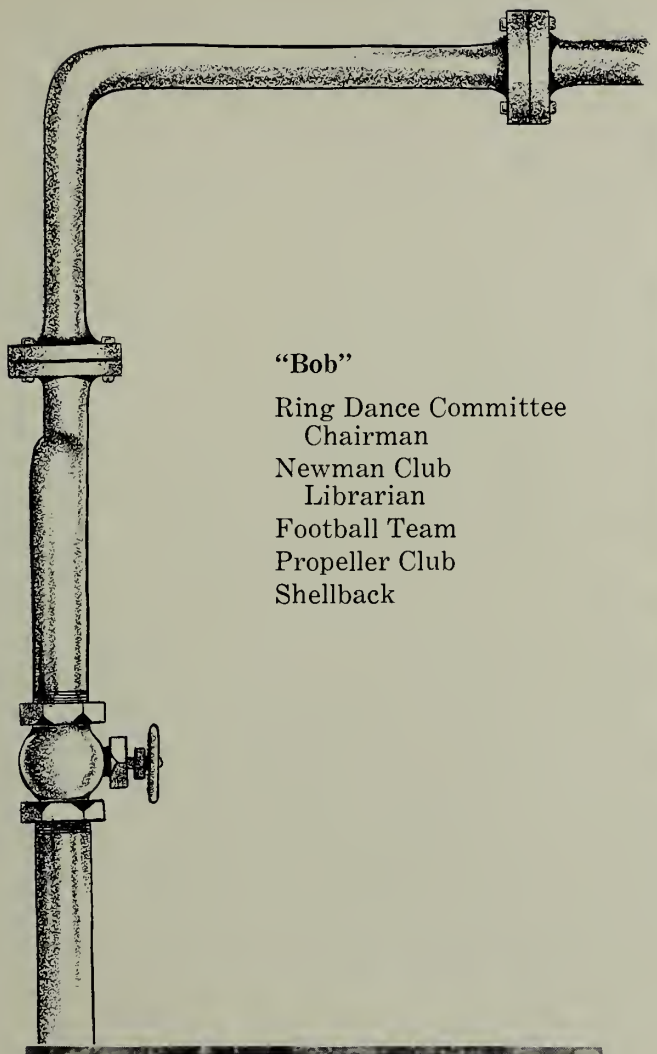
Soccer Team
Newman Club
Drill Team
Golf
Propeller Club
President
Shellback

After a long hop from the expansive plains of distant Medford a grasshopper arrived, tired but safely, at M.M.A. Upon further inspection the Officer of the Watch recognized him as Paul Kenny, a new third classman reporting for duty.

Realizing that the academy was not Annapolis or a monastery, Paul decided immediately to put in a special to return home for consultation and to help his father put up storm windows and his mother bake bread.

For the next three years Paul could easily be heard between Taps and Reveille giving fire and brimstone sermons and taking part in many heated discussions.

Equally adept in the engineroom as he was in the classroom, Paul has proved his worth as an engineer and classmate.



"Bob"

Ring Dance Committee
Chairman
Newman Club
Librarian
Football Team
Propeller Club
Shellback

ROBERT THOMAS LACROSSE
223 Mt. Prospect Street
Bridgewater, Massachusetts

Electing M.M.A. as his future school, Bob left Bridgewater High, eagerly anticipating the day of entrance to the academy. Questioning the O.O.W. as to the whereabouts of P.L. Special on the day of admission, Cratchet sought out this friend with whom he might seriously argue. As a third-classman, Bob succeeded in his desire of finding P.L. and many will remember Bob's early morning discussions with him that never ceased, not even after taps.

Becoming an eager learner in the engineroom, Bob spent many hours looking for the lines and tracing them from beginning to end.

Taking his classmates cute comments and practical jokes in stride, Bob very rarely flared up or became angry.

The Class of '63 will always remember the fine job done by Bob in arranging our social functions which were second to none. A great thanks from us and the best always, Bob.

JAMES EDWARD LANDRY, JR.
23 Green Street
Somerville, Massachusetts

"Ding"

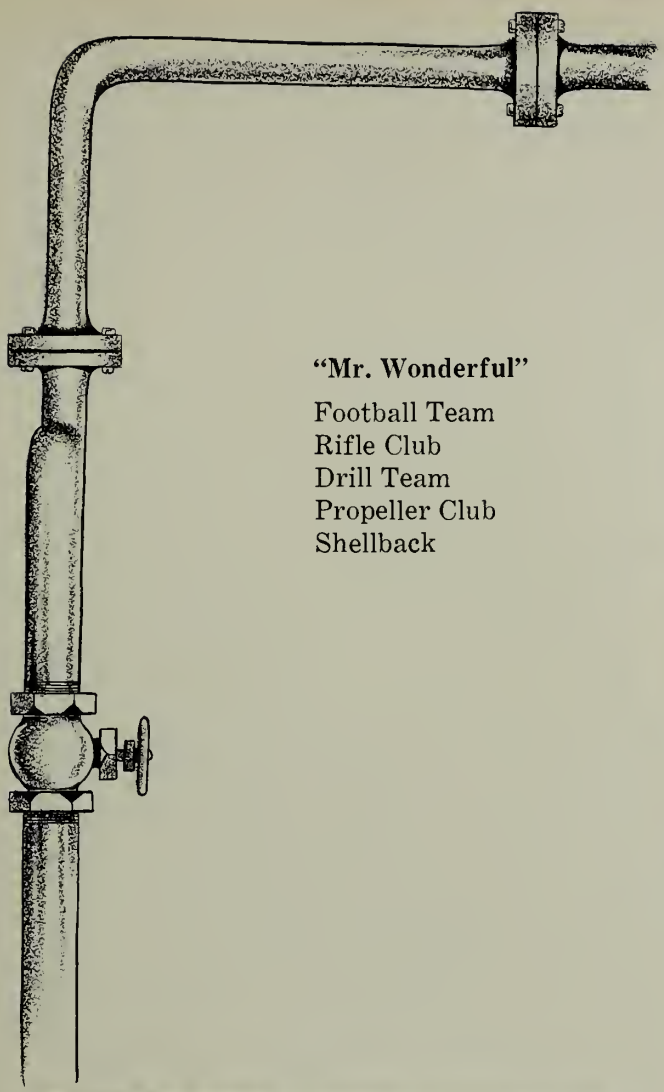
Football Team
Co-Captain
Newman Club
Weight-lifting Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

A slushy bell heralded the arrival of Jim Landry, ex-fighter turned trainer. Noted for his ability to remove wooly-black patches, Jim became popular with the upper-job snipes. Inheriting various traits from those who valued his services as a third-classman, Jim successfully bashed his way to a berth in the engineers' compartment where he zealously plunged into his work as second-class "snipe".

Jimmy's fondness for Panama was evident when he decided to remain there until the Bay State's arrival in New Orleans during our second cruise.

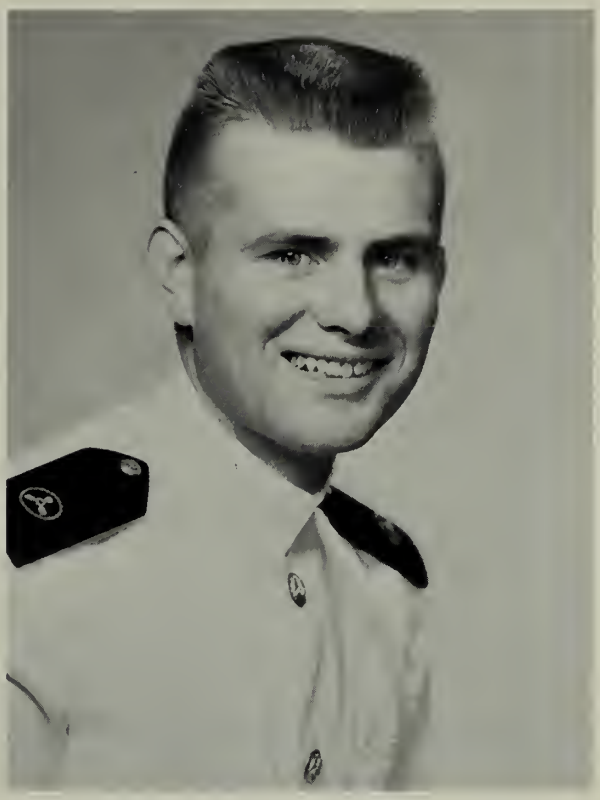
With impressions of his third-class year imprinted on his mind, Jimmy moved into his last year at M.M.A. Despite his excellent record, Jim was among those who through gross injustice were awarded a five week vacation.

Returning with renewed vigor and more old tests, Jim proved his value as an engineer. Best wishes and good-luck on whatever path you follow, Jim.



"Mr. Wonderful"

Football Team
Rifle Club
Drill Team
Propeller Club
Shellback



JONATHAN PRATT SIMPSON
31 Parsons Avenue
Lynnfield Center, Massachusetts

Nothing more "wonderful" could have happened to M.M.A. than the appearance of this cosmopolite from Lynnfield who would soon become the original Mr. Wonderful's most rabid adversary.

As a third classman his profitable career as a chauffeur ended abruptly when in a moment of weakness he lent his car to a needful Gull.

In appreciation for his charming smile at formation the four-striper saw fit to award him with a "wonderful" weekend on board during his second-job year. Needless to say it took him a little while to recover that same old smile.

After these many achievements in his first two years Jon also achieved the distinction of being the most fashionable of upperjobs and set many new styles with his short-sleeved thermal underwear, black boots, and his equally devastating lounging slippers.

With his exceptional mechanical ability Jon is sure to succeed in the Merchant Marine.

FREDERICK J. WALSH, JR.
39 Richardson Street
Malden, Massachusetts

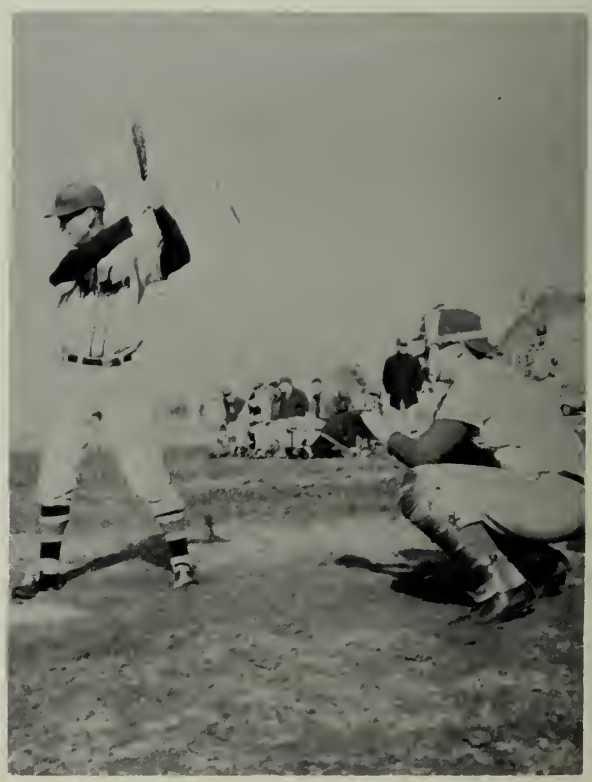
"Nobby"

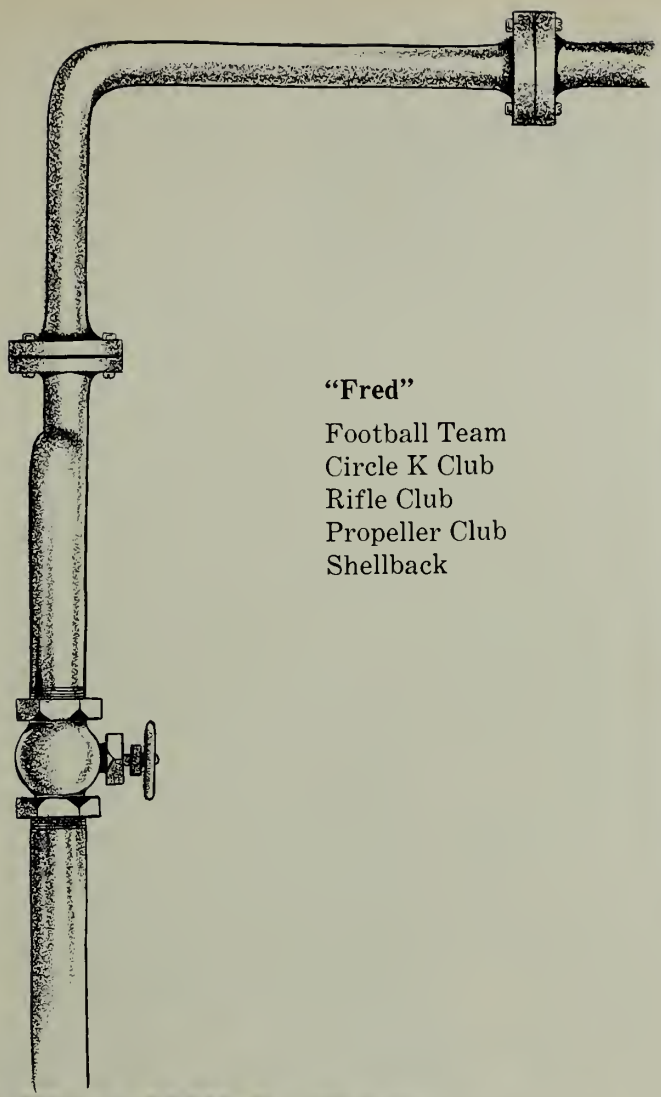
Baseball Team
Captain
Bowling Team
Horizontal Club
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

The Nob was a late arrival at the academy but credit must be given where credit is due. Quick to learn, Fred found many places to hide from the ever-preying upper-jobs . . . and to sleep. Swinging his golden arm, Fred emerged from the shadows, and hurled the M.M.A. baseball team to its only victory of the "61" season.

Fred's second-job year was uneventful except for a "savage" meeting with a Buzzard Bay family which endeared him to the hearts of the townspeople. This fortunate occurrence caused Fred to take greater strides, both day and night, to create a closer association between himself and his friends in town. It is said that ship's office was instrumental in helping Fred create better relations.

To Fred we wish a successful and restful future in whatever occupation he enters.





"Fred"

Football Team
Circle K Club
Rifle Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

ROBERT A. WRIGHT
14 Bellevue Road
Natick, Massachusetts

Entering the academy a month later than the rest of us, this jovial, robust older man soon came to look upon us as his kid brothers.

During drydock of "60" Fred put an end to his wandering days when he dropped anchor one night in the Rathskeller.

Despite his difficulties in Math and Seamanship Fred overcame all obstacles and entered his second-class year as an engineer. With a tremendous amount of experience as a boiler-tender in the Navy, he was well-equipped for the engineering curriculum.

Spinner of tales and weaver of yarns, Fred has always kept humor alive in the compartment. It is always Hel'n when Fred's around!!!!!!!

His jovial nature and size suited him perfectly for the job of Santa Claus in "62" and he managed quite miraculously to descend the stack without damaging the precious cargo.

With his easy-going nature, Fred is sure to enjoy a very successful and happy future.

SECTION III

Cdr. William H. Hemmerly, USNR
Electrical Division Officer
Instructor of Electricity and Refrigeration

LCDR. Harold C. Pratt, USN (Ret.)
Assistant Division Officer
Instructor of Electronics

Electrician Charles E. Manyard

ELECTRICAL DIVISION

Section Three Engineers is noted for their electrical genius, a trait inherited from their illustrious leaders. This section is comprised of nine famed first classmen, eight second classmen and some odd numbers of third classmen. In section three's capable hands is the responsibility of the whole electrical spectrum of the ship from the smallest lamp to the main generator. That plus refrigeration machinery.

The devoted officers and "Hank" and Snapper". Hank is a quiet sort of fella; doesn't like to say much and Snapper, all he wants to do is finish his job. Beside being chief of Electrical Division, Mr. Hemmerly, former graduate and assistant to the Chief Engineer is our refrigeration and electrical instructor, not teacher but instructor! Mr. Hemmerly, a Commander in Naval Reserve is ably assisted by Mr. Pratt, our electronics instructor. The ship's electrician, Mr. Maynard, is third in line in the triumverate.

With Larry and Charlie in front ranks hardly anything gets overlooked in the electrical department. Critter and Cro, a newcomer, help out here and there when their advice and knowledge are called for. Stevo battles roaches for the Chief and Finion packs the volts one by one into the batteries. Tom keeps an eye on the refrigeration equipment and Volks can do almost anything the wrong way. Les cleans blower rooms like a "White Tornado" and it is rumored he might be back after graduation—to finish the jobs.

All in all, section three scored highly for their innate engineering ability such as switching fuel oil pumps, finding water in the settlers, switching condensate pumps and relieving Section II patiently!

On leaving the ranks of Section III it is sure that all members are aware of the valuable experience gained by working with electrical machinery. None will regret the time spent checking brushes, searching for grounds, looking for that little fuse that seemed to be hidden in some obscure lighting panel.

The telephone room: meeting hall, repair shop, lecture hall, classroom, will be a vivid memory to all of us. In this area our experience and knowledge grew so that our abilities could increase. Of course all that was said in this area was not in academic style. Nevertheless we learned and tried to keep learning.

WATCH III
From left to right: L. B. Elfbaum, C. H. Gilmor, R. F. Fenton, T. J. Newton, R. A. Volkin, G. F. Cronin, L. W. Pickering.

Output voltage holding steady

Look How He Jumps When The Switch Is Thrown.

Okay, She's Standing On The Trap Door.

Let Us Prey!

Got Any More Jokes?

LAWRENCE B. ELFBAUM
16 Don Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

"Larry"

Cadet Lieutenant
Watch III Old Guard
Rifle Team
Band
Bowling Team
Golf
Propeller Club
Shellback

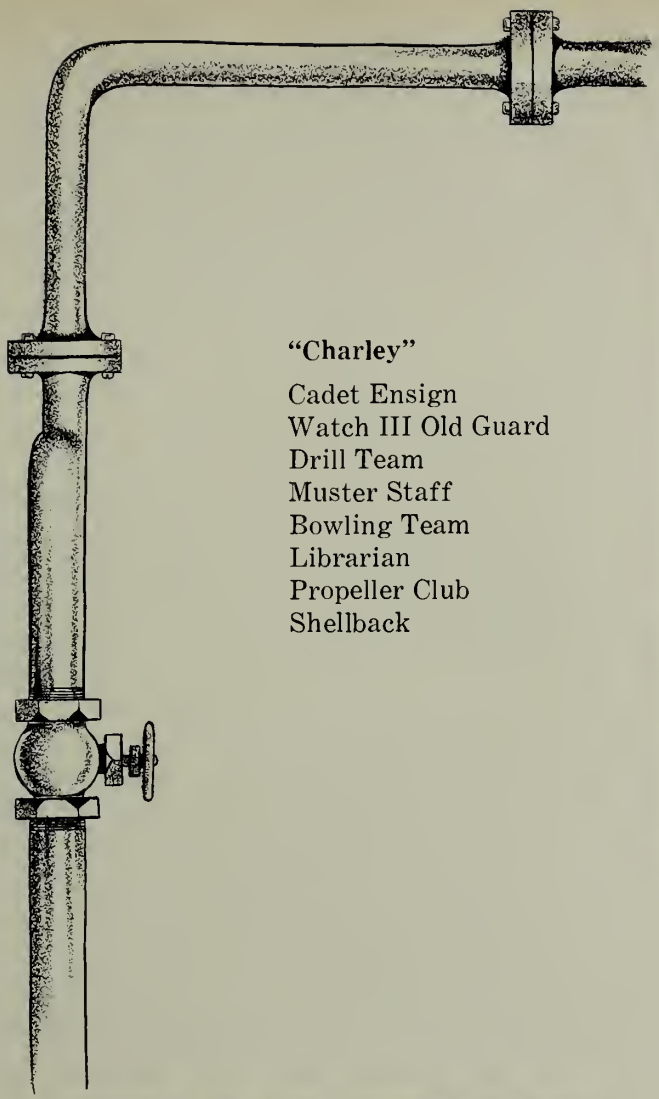
"My name is Elfbaum but you can call me Larry" announced the enthusiastic young man on the quarterdeck that first fateful day. He immediately set himself to the task of mastering the intricacies of electrical engineering. His energetic motion, though, was not the only cause of the low pressure area through which he moved.

Usually found at the door of the telephone room Larry could often be overheard saying, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow the door down, and if you don't let me in I won't let you use my car next week."

At the end of his second-job year Larry could relax his lungs when he won his executive key and the all-important two stripes in electrical division.

All kidding aside, Larry has been a diligent worker and one of the most energetic cadet officers the academy has seen.

For this the class of "63" thanks him and wishes him well.



"Charley"

Cadet Ensign
Watch III Old Guard
Drill Team
Muster Staff
Bowling Team
Librarian
Propeller Club
Shellback

CHARLES H. GILMOR
452 Willard Avenue
Newington, Connecticut

A great wind rushed over the decks of the Bay State and deposited near the O.W. shack a small box, the sides of which immediately caved in due to the extremely low internal pressure. Out stepped Cha-ley.

Straight from the Boston Belle, Charley was well prepared for his career as an engineer. Having second billing as member of the Huff and Puff team he picked up where Wheet-Pal left off and received a well-earned stripe in Watch III.

Small in stature, but with big ambitions, Charley has come far from his days on the Belle and is sure to reach bigger and better horizons in the years ahead.

To these ends we wish him the best of luck.

DEVENS D. ARNETT
Lebanon Hill Road
N. Woodstock, Connecticut

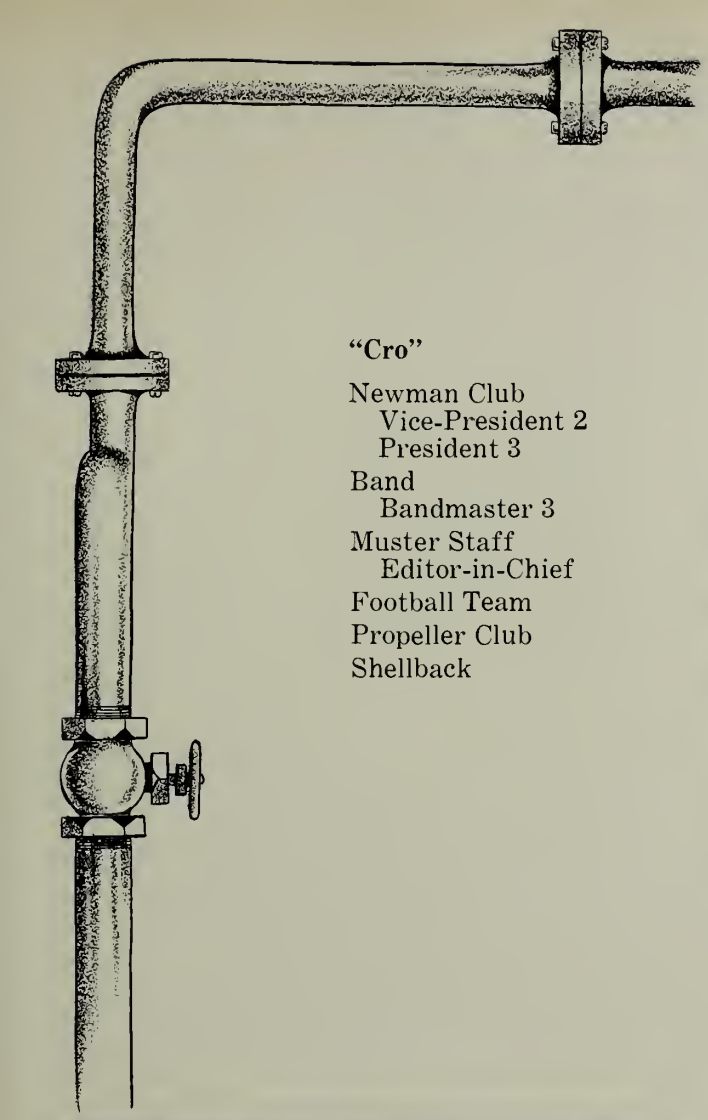
"Critter"

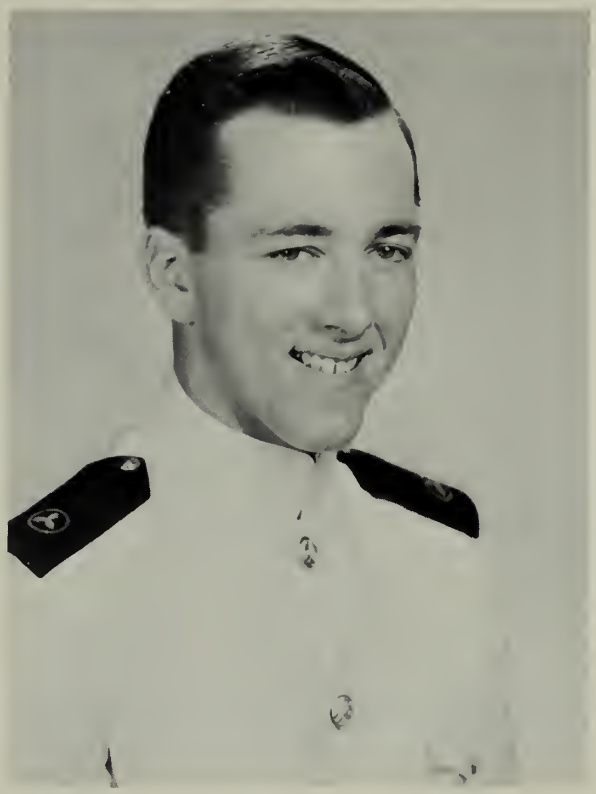
Class Ring Committee
Ring Dance Committee
Phi Rekappa Tread
Century Club
Bowling Team
Shellback
Propeller Club

In August of 1960, Dev (also known as Critter or Howdy) left his house building project in the back hills of Connecticut to return to M.M.A. Despite the hair raising episode of a flag in Peru and the not too distant conflict with the upper echelon he has managed to keep his strings untangled.

An avid golfer Dev was just getting into the swing of things when he was viciously attacked by a golf club. His next attempt at notariety involved stunt driving for the Ford Motor Company. Nineteen fence posts and one stone wall later, he decided to settle down to quiet country life in N. Woodstock, content to be driving a little red truck.

We are sure that with his industrious nature and amiable backwoods humor he will find himself a profitable ship, preferably a tanker for Ballentine Brewers, and soon be able to build his dream home in the country.





GERALD F. CRONIN
47 Orne Street
Worcester, Massachusetts

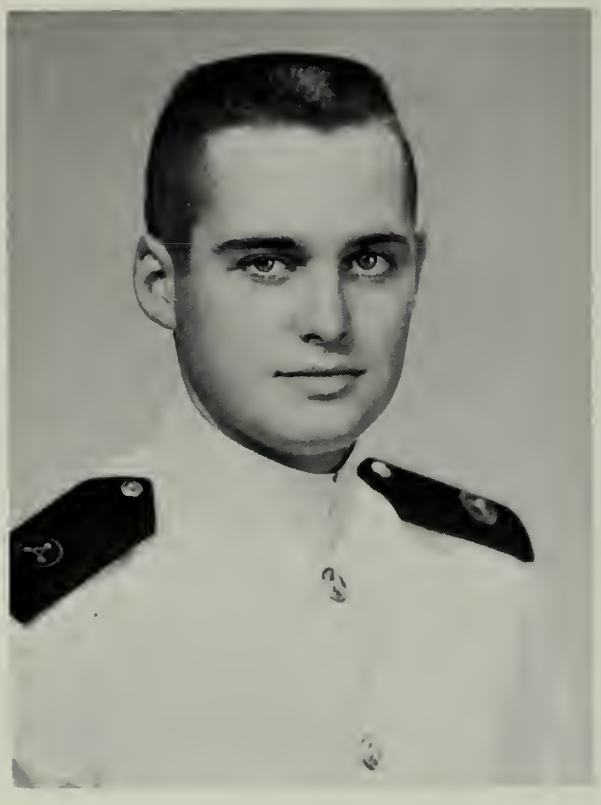
"Cro"

Newman Club
  Vice-President 2
  President 3
Band
  Bandmaster 3
Muster Staff
  Editor-in-Chief
Football Team
Propeller Club
Shellback

Whirling down from the hills of Worcester like a second tornado this black-robed, fire and brimstone evangelist was heralded upon his arrival with trumpets and harp playing cherubs. Dragging his great big battlewagon behind him, "Sayonara" momentarily paused from his extensive speech making tour to combine forces with the great Admiral Tanaka.

Despite his crippling old age and his thwarted attempts to convert M.M.A.'s Marching Band into a Newman Club choir, Jerry has shown spectacular success at the Academy as evidenced by his long list of achievements.

Always one to work for the welfare of the school, Jerry has earned the respect and admiration of his classmates, and for this we thank him and wish him success in all his future endeavors.



RICHARD F. FENTON
60 Tyndale Street
Roslindale, Massachusetts

"Fenyen"

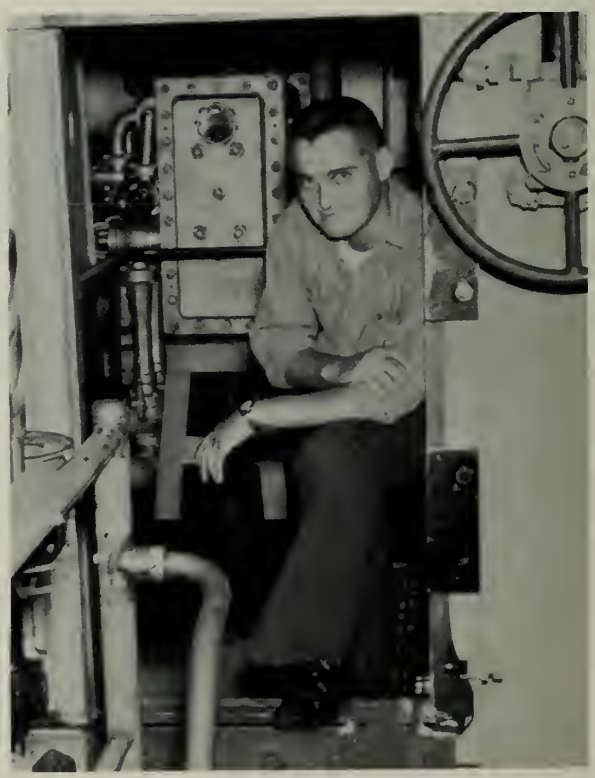
Watch III Old Guard
Drill Team
Newman Club
Secretary-Treasurer
Propeller Club
Rifle Team
Shellback

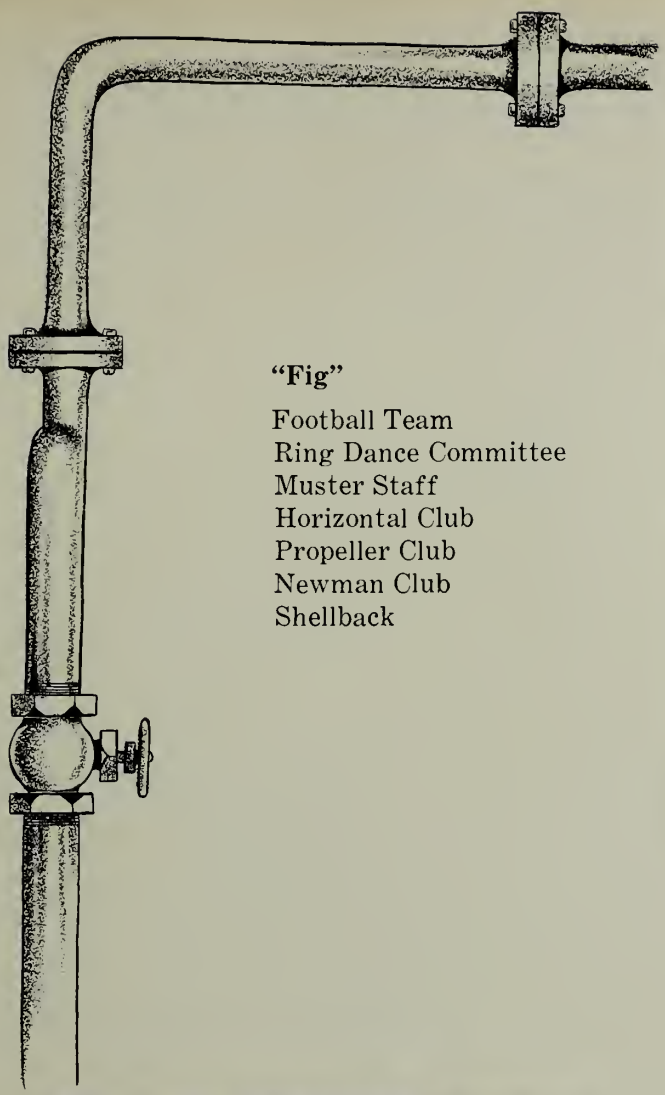
After navigating the vast celestial ball, "Chickadee" swooped down from the skies that bright August morning to nest in the ivy-covered halls of M.M.A.

Chief attaché to the great Admiral Tanaka, Dick was finally persuaded to discard his sextant and become a man. By surmounting the obstacles set up by the academic board, Dick met and accepted the challenge of becoming an engineer with renewed vigor.

As a Watch III Old Guard, he followed in "Guano's" footsteps to become the responsible manager of the Battery Locker.

Never one to be outspoken, Dick has finally met success as an engineer except for one unavoidable mishap. However, wheeeeeee feel that he will manage to stay out of hot water in the future.





"Fig"

Football Team
Ring Dance Committee
Muster Staff
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Newman Club
Shellback

THOMAS EATON NEWTON
176 Standish Road
Quincy, Massachusetts

Figgy, Fig Bar, Neutron, Sir Issac, not all exactly Christian names but common names used when looking for Tom when his services were needed and never refused during our first year at M.M.A.

Becoming an engineer was no easy task for Tom, but in his own way, with desire to make the grade, a berth was waiting for Tom in the engineers' compartment at the completion of his third-class year.

Time changes men and the earth, but this cliché is not proven in Tom's case. Possessing his good nature and friendly spirit as a first-classman, Tom made his friendships more binding.

Tom's love for M.M.A. was shown when quite a few weekends were spent aboard instead of sailing in Quincy Bay.

With his sails now billowing and his course directed, Tom will surely sail a straight course leading toward a rich career in the Merchant Marine.

LESLIE WESTHAUER PICKERING
31 Copley Street
Quincy, Massachusetts

"Pick"

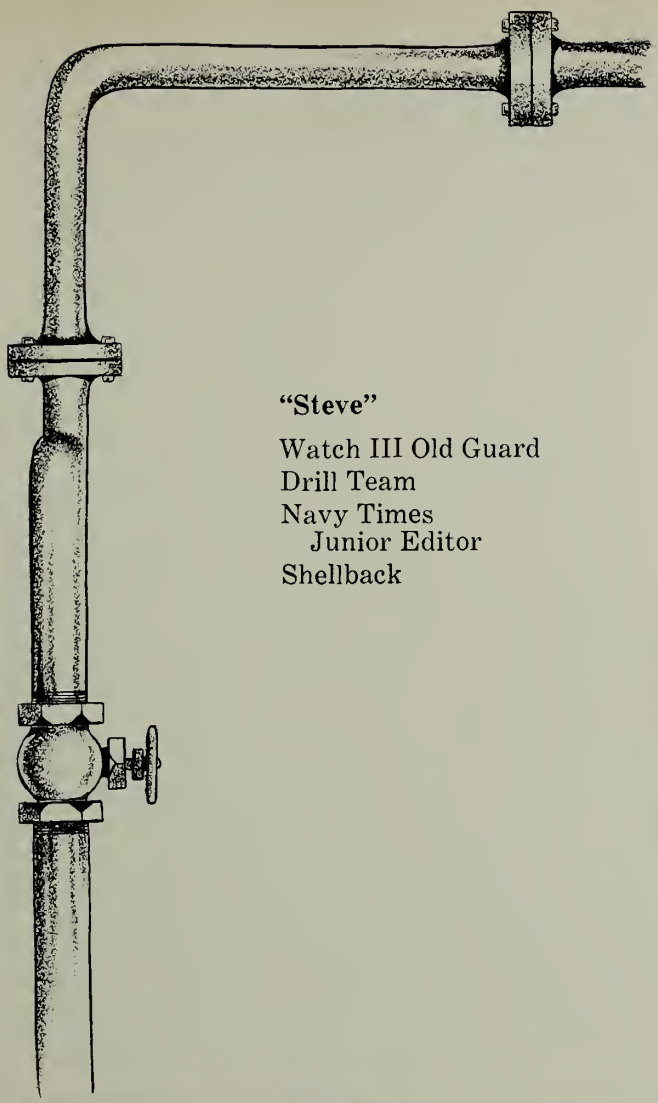
Muster Staff
Watch III Old Guard
Football Team
Propeller Club
Shellback

Another notable character arrived from the city of Quincy; fair-haired, boyish-looking and with a sincere attitude, Les commenced his post high school studies at M.M.A. Very quiet and reserved, hardly ever volunteering his services to any upperclassman, Pick remained among the "cozy" as a third-classman.

After many experiences in both Buzzards Bay and abroad, he stepped into his second class year still upholding the same negative spirit toward his upper-jobs but amiable and sincere toward his classmates.

As a member of Watch III Old Guard this pen wielding, literary expert could always be seen working with, or in the presence of, the most literate of all, Charles Maintenance.

A fine student and classmate, we know the future will reward Les handsomely.

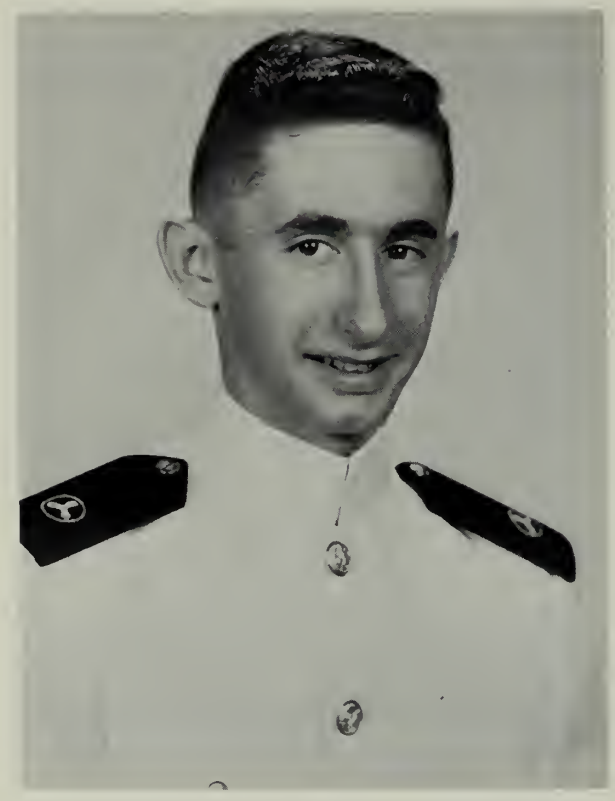


"Steve"

Watch III Old Guard
Drill Team
Navy Times
Junior Editor
Shellback

PETER STEVERMAN
1 Ticknor Court
Scituate, Massachusetts

Steadfast in the ways of his German ancestors, Peter boarded our training ship determined to wipe out the Vile element in our midst. Fortified by his emotions toward Jewelie, Peter began the harrowing march through MMA. Constantly "morganized" during his first two years he made good use of all those holiday weekends aboard by wiping up blower rooms and putzing his Naval Reserve pin. Following in the footsteps of "Dyma" and "the Ten Cent Man", Peter with his humorous statements and friendly spirit achieved couth and electrical skills equal to theirs. As a Second-Job he stood up against the more tyranical members of the First Class with a devotion he has shown throughout his three years at the Academy and which we feel will carry him to great heights in the years to come.



RICHARD ARTHUR VOLKIN
1 Bruce Circle
Randolph, Massachusetts

"Volks"

Rifle Club
Bowling Team
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Secretary
Shellback

From the far off hills of Randolph, the Star of David shone brightly upon the hallowed grounds of M.M.A., lighting the way for our pal, Dick. After many months of mess cooking and pearl diving, Volks finally settled down to try and find that proverbial deal. However, none could be found at that time except that deal encountered when a human reducing station is needed.

One of the most persevering members of our class and possessing a helpful spirit when friends beseeched him, Dick could always be counted on for a helping hand.

In spite of the problems presented, Dick surmounted them with great courage and patience.

To Dick we sincerely want to give a true tribute for having withstood and persevered these past years. Good Luck and best wishes for a long and rewarding future.

Main Academic Building

SECTION IV

Section "4" Engineers consist of nine first classmen commonly referred to as "upper-jobs", eight second classmen, referred to as "second whacks" and an assortment of third classmen who are referred to as what might pop into one's mind at the moment.

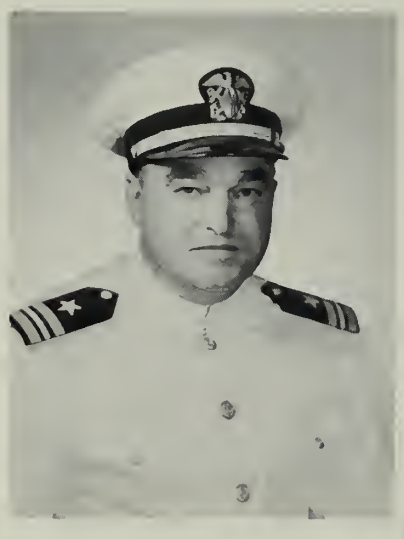
Now that the exact number of the section has been established it is only fitting that you know something of their function aboard the "Bay State". Certain areas throughout the ship are assigned to particular members of the section for, shall we say, up keep. These areas include the evaporator spaces which are important on any ship, for without fresh water constantly being replenished the ship would be drastically limited on its travel on the high sea. Other areas, as mentioned above are various lockers and storage spaces, shaft allies, machine shop and the steering engine room which might be said as being an important area on board ship. Not to diverse from the subject, but speaking of the steering engine room, there has been seen green clouds floating just beneath the overhead when a "humping" first classman in charge of the area casts his shadow (greenish) on the same.

Then we have our "el ustrious" leader and his slave-driving assistant. No one in Section "4" will ever forget that evaporator expert who seems to find so much trouble with his pet toy on the cruise.

His assistant is still looking for his lost bunny suit. He is planning for many so called changes in the "system" and Section "4" hopes he has some starting results next year.

Under these two great leaders there's a third, who is commonly referred to as "Boons". He's a person who is always neat and clean. On the cruise you can always find him in the best places enjoying the "better" things in life. While on watch at sea he does little helpful things, like looking for lost "bunny suits". Sometimes he wished we were second classmen again and he could be put on the watch bill as a pumpman, because he's sort of an expert on pumps. When you see him lying on someone elses bunk, smoking a cigarette while, getting his head massaged, you can tell that he is an even tempered likeable guy and that's why all Section "4" loves him so.

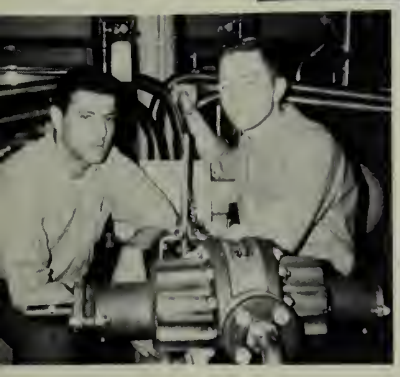
No watch could be complete without its men. We of course have our various assortment consisting of a married man, a green cloud, a muscle bound runt, a mumbler who no one can understand, a bogger, an ex-Volkswagen enthusiast and of course myself the peanut butter and jelly man of the year.



Lt. Cdr. James D. Crosby, USNR
Auxiliary Division Officer
Instructor of Diesels and
Steam Auxiliaries

Lt. William R. Hendy, USNR
Assistant Division Officer
Instructor of Physics,
Chemistry, and
Atomic Power
Coach of Soccer and Baseball

B-But B-Bill, If They Spin Engines Now, We're Screwed.



Okay, He's Not Looking, Run The Tool Into The Chuck.

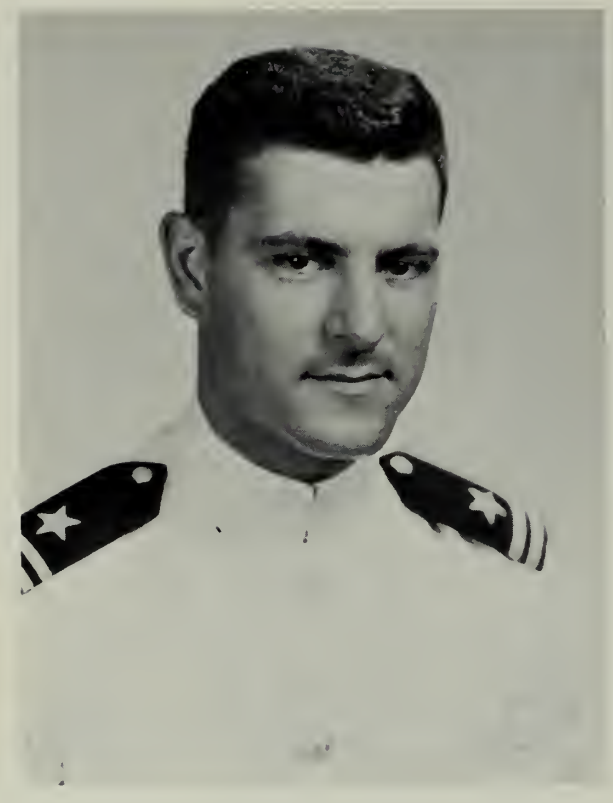
If You Don't Like The Way She Answers, Stick It!

Ja Wohl! This Is The Best Coffee Maker On The Ship.

Brine Density is 1.5/32

WATCH IV

From left to right: C. J. Santavicca, P. F. Barthel, R. W. Travers, R. A. Granger, W. J. Butler, Jr. A. J. Strudas, C. D. Hobson, A. F. Barker, F. W. Hanhisalo.



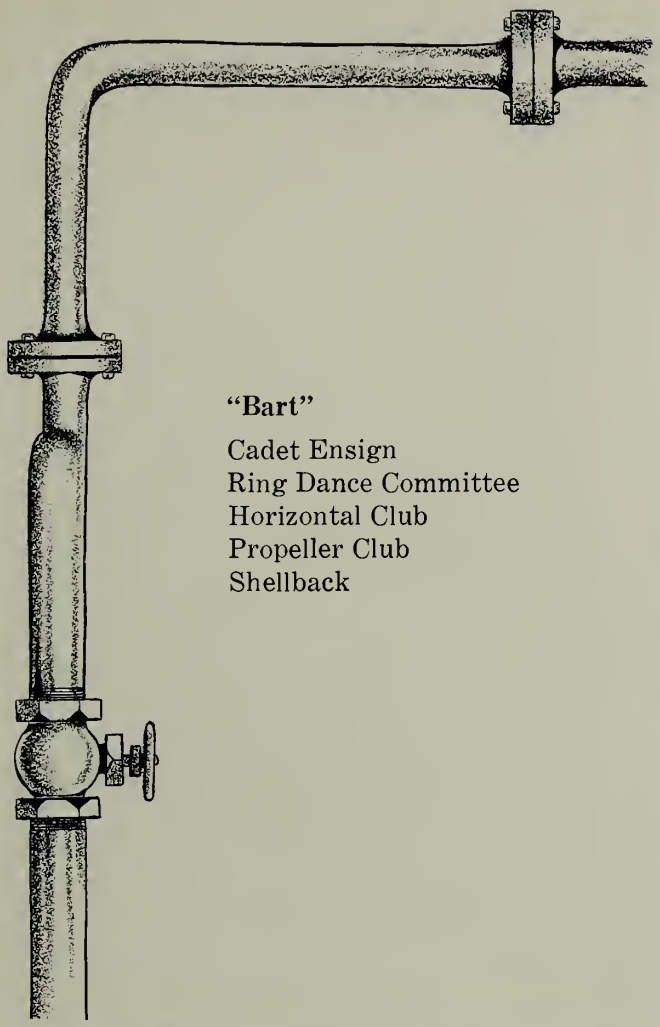
CONSTANTINO J. SANTAVICCA
120 Kilby Street
Hingham, Massachusetts

"Vicca"

Cadet Lieutenant
Honor Guard
Circle K Club
Fencing Team
Propeller Club
Shellback

From a mysterious castle in a far off corner of Hingham, the Mafia's long black hand stretched out placing in our midst a new Middie of Southern ancestry. With the ring of a bugle still in his ear and a rifle dent in his shoulder, Boons immediately put his nose to the grindstone, which brought him remarkable success in the classroom.

Refusing to play second fiddle to anyone, Connie has showed his eagerness to learn in his consistently high class standing. With his untiring efforts not going unnoticed he was made Cadet Lieutenant in Watch IV and immediately began a much needed redecoration of the Evaps and Machine Shop. If the past is any indication of the future then Connie is sure to reach the top.



"Bart"

Cadet Ensign
Ring Dance Committee
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

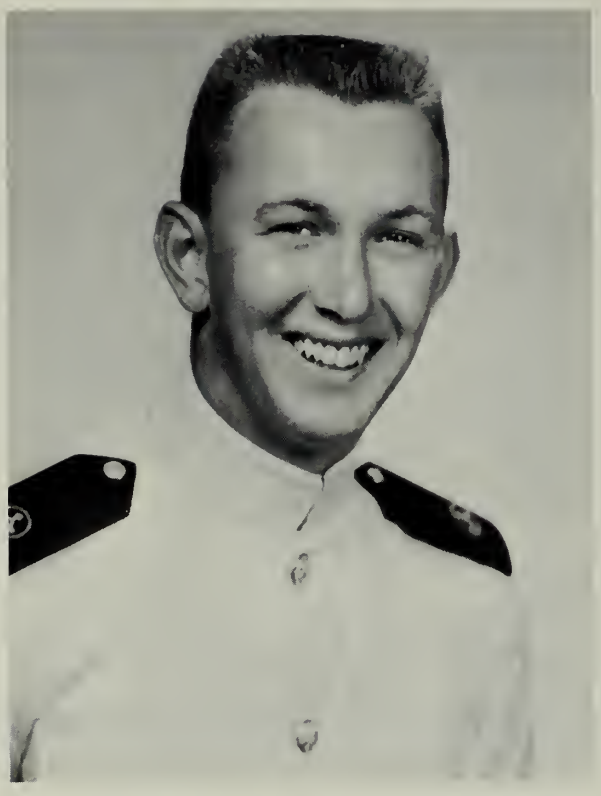
PETER FRANCIS BARTHEL
180 Davis Street
Quincy, Massachusetts

In a heavy cloud of dust and with a hearty "Hi-ho Henry Jay", Peter arrived at the foot of the M.M.A. gangway. This began the development of his latent powers as a protegé of the "Duke", reaching heights of fame which were almost unparalleled.

As King of a Palace, Peter has never been one to hold back from sprinkling good-will on his friends and classmates.

Always a man of integrity, Peter and a fellow Quincyite, in true Samaritian fashion, attempted to flush out the puny element of evil at one of the local Hoodsie-Hops.

An amiable shipmate and an industrious worker, Peter became a Cadet Ensign in his first-class year. His qualities as a leader and worker are sure to bring him similar success in the future.



ALBERT FRANCIS BARKER
Depot Avenue
South Harwich, Massachusetts

"El Fago"

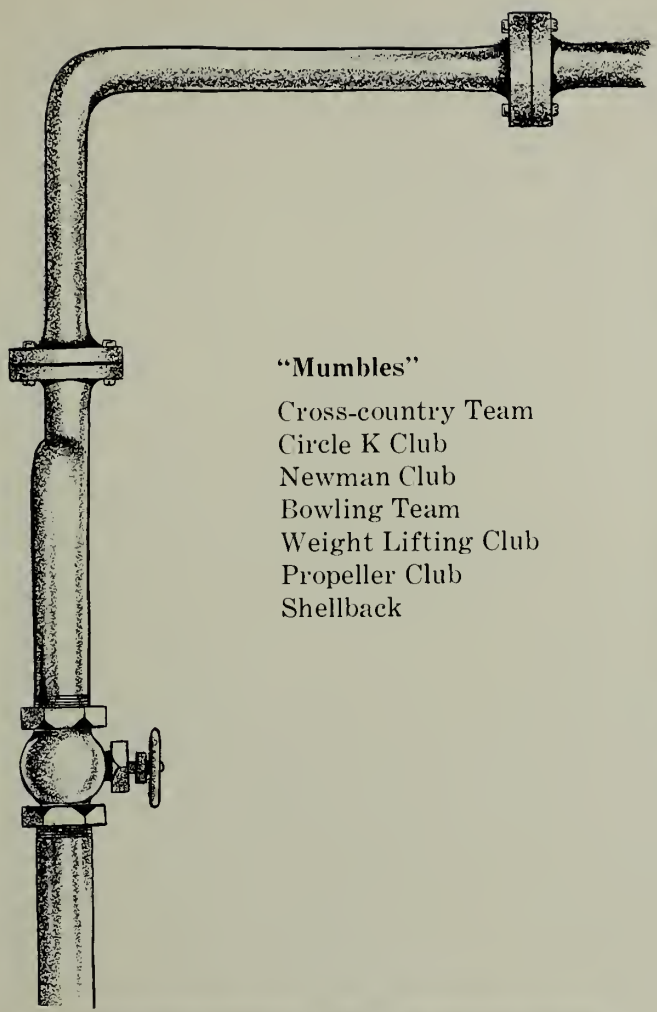
Baseball Team
Soccer Team
(Wardroom Raider)
Propeller Club
Shellback

Deep from the misty secluded bogs of S'Harwich to the clean windswept campus of the Cape Cod College of Nautical Knowledge came Fago with a bag of tomatoes in one hand and a cranberry-eating grin on his face.

After a comparatively quiet year as a youngie (except for the witnessing of his mid-night snack by the heavenly master) Fago as a second-job went to the head of the S. S. Constitution where he found it so relaxing he decided not to return.

We were all well aware of his skill at baseball but it was not until he drop-kicked his class ring during the ring ceremony that we learned of his prowess at football.

Always an active participant in school sports and a personable shipmate, Fago has displayed the qualities which we think will direct him to a happy and successful future.



"Mumbles"

Cross-country Team
Circle K Club
Newman Club
Bowling Team
Weight Lifting Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

WILLIAM J. BUTLER
23 Old Bridge Road
Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

"What's your name, lad"
"M-M-M-Mumbles, sir"
"Come again"
"M-M-M-Mumbles, sir."

With this arresting declaration of his name Bill plunged his upperjobs into complete confusion and started his career as the class of 63's only day student.

At a high pitch of excitement after his good-by party on the dock, Bill started his second-job cruise. During the cruise he gained much experience in the laundry and paved the way to his future position as head of the laundry by allying himself with a natural-born financier.

With his ambitious nature Bill finally achieved such other noble positions as net-tender for the navigator and undisputed marble champion, and in his first-class year reached the pinnacle of success by becoming whistleman for the Chief.

With his past record of achievement no-one can doubt that Bill will go far in the years to come.

ROGER ALLYN GRANGER
76 Wilmont Street
Springfield, Massachusetts

"Farley"

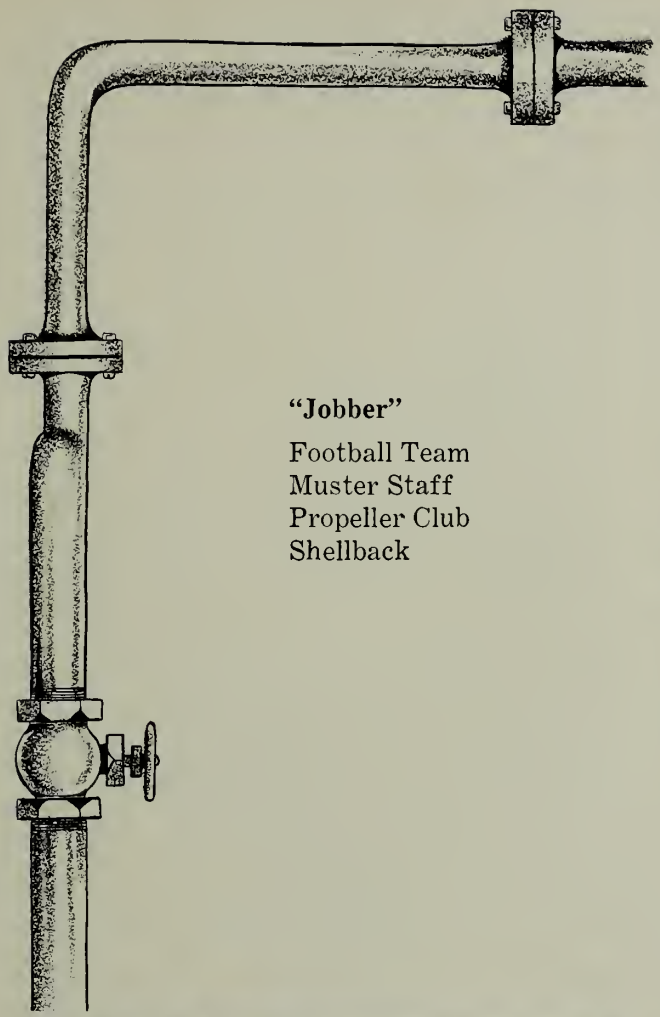
Propeller Club
Band
Soccer Team
Golf
Rifle Team
Bowling Team
Shellback

"Uncle Al" was well stocked with sleeveless N-1 jackets and "t"-shirts for the arrival of M.M.A.'s answer to Jack LaLaine.

Temporarily discarding his college beanie, Farley quickly accepted the challenge of carrying the heaviest instrument in the academy band.

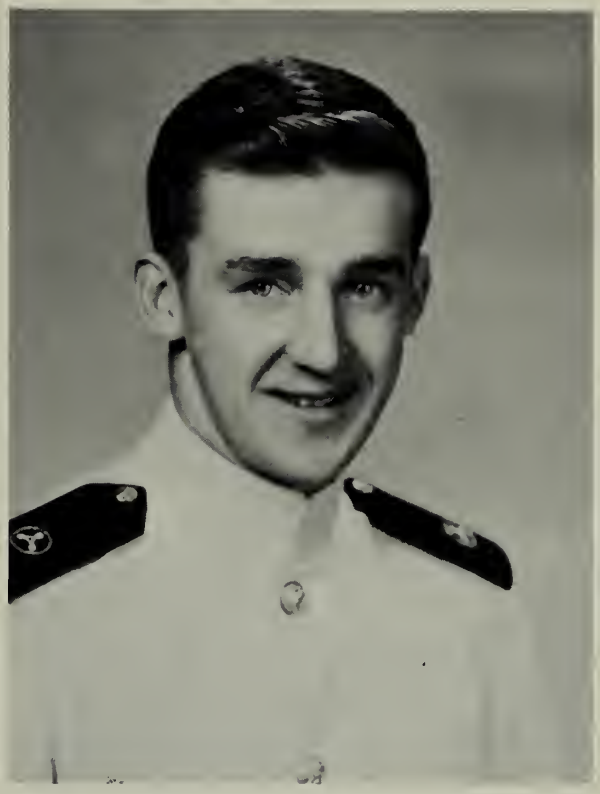
For a mere dollar and a quarter this week end warrior could always be counted on for a hundred and fifty miles worth of war stories which would range from the intricacies of on-the-spot auto repair to the morbid strangeness of Edgar Allan Poe.

With his great appreciation for the finer things in life and his thorough understanding of human nature we are sure that Roger will go a long way in his chosen career.



"Jobber"

Football Team
Muster Staff
Propeller Club
Shellback



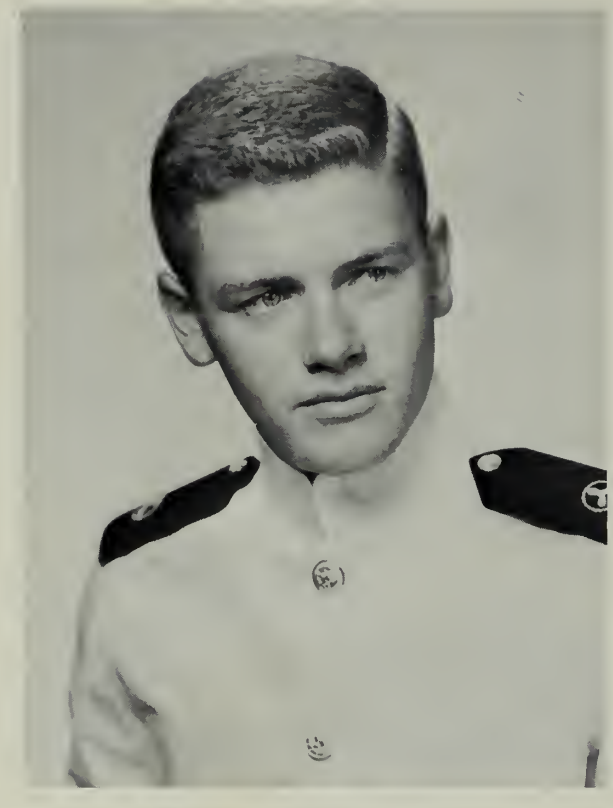
FRANK W. HANHISALO
27 Off Hill Street
East Weymouth, Massachusetts

Straight from "High School U.S.A." to the gates of M.M.A. Frank arrived with a seabag full of questions, stationery, peanut butter, and jelly.

A great charmer, Frank indirectly won his way into the graces of Benny, his new found hero.

Occasionally known to take his eyes off the ceiling and to return his arms from a stretching position, Frank could be found on the Rec deck (in his more meditative hours) writing to his dearly beloved pen-pals in Illinois, Hawaii, and elsewhere throughout the world. During the second-job cruise his "Chief" mistake was to quench his thirst with an old Army buddy. Later on in the same year Frank had a run-in with his favorite cadet officer, Ernie-pal, which cost him a few week ends.

Without any "Chief" mishaps in the future, however, Frank is sure to achieve success.



C. DAVID HOBSON
61 Aster Circle
Weymouth, Massachusetts

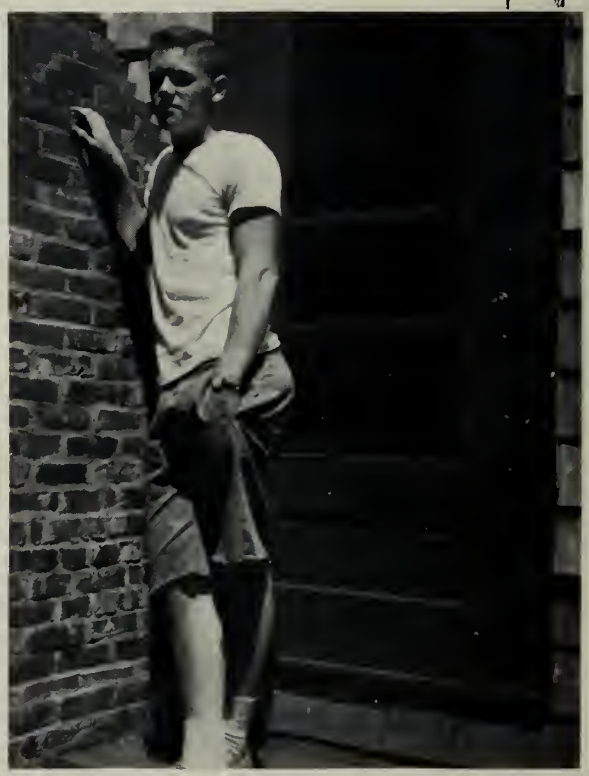
"Hobby"

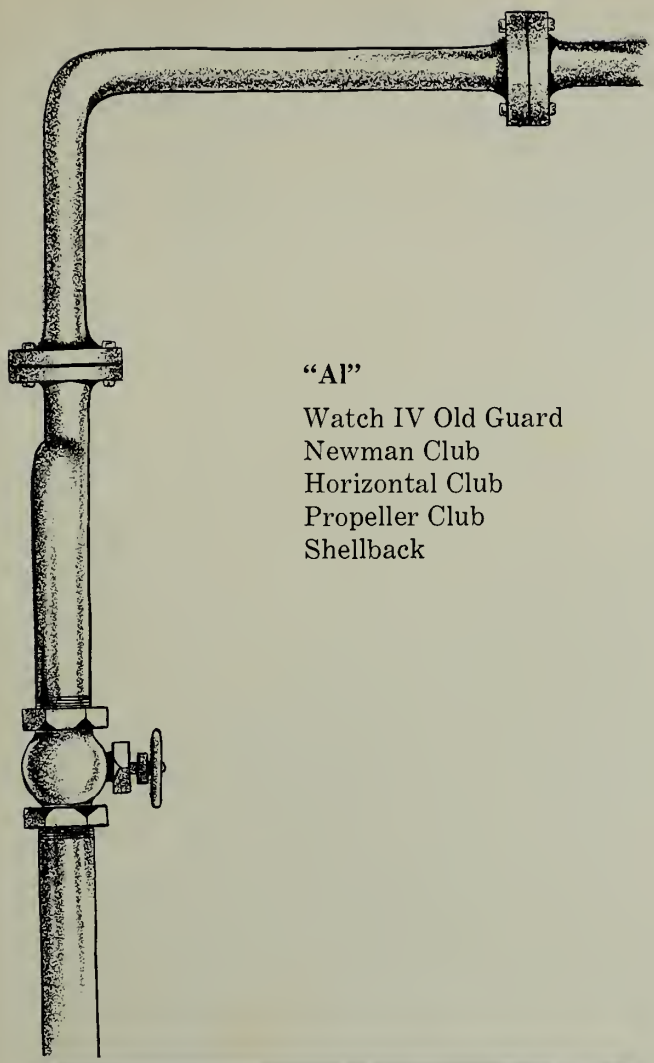
Watch IV Old Guard
Muster Staff
Rifle Club
Golf
Bowling Team
Horizontal Club
Shellback

Mass. Maritime was not exactly what Dave had prepped for but, nevertheless, after a few days on the messdeck his rapid transformation from Thayer boy to Middie was readily noticed.

Not much to be seen as a youngie Dave achieved notoriety as a second-job stunt driver with his aerial acrobatics in a Volkswagen. Hardly phased by the loss of his precious cargo and the near loss of the pilot and co-pilot, Dave went on to be fitted for a new sport-jacket which he proudly hung over his rack at night.

Everyone will always remember the fine time we had at his party after the Ring Dance. For this we offer our thanks along with our best wishes for the future.





"Al"

Watch IV Old Guard
Newman Club
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

ALAN JOSEPH STRUDAS
22 Thane Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

Scampering down from the treetops of Dorchester Al arrived at M.M.A. and quickly made the transition from chest-nut chomper to hair-chopper. How well we remember the sadistic smile on Al's face as he waved his scissors in the dramatic manner of Leonard Bernstein while preparing his first unpaying victims for the slaughter. As the blood-stained pile of hair on the barber shop floor grew larger his abilities increased and he became one of the most popular first-class barbers.

Al was always a devoted and studious member of our class but often after Taps in the compartment his distinctly different humor and ringing laughter could be heard by all.

Serious minded in his scholastic and personal life Al, nevertheless, often amused his classmates with his bubbling personality and ready wit.

Good Luck and Best Wishes in the future, Al.

ROBERT WILLIAM TRAVERS
43 Hilma Street
Quincy, Massachusetts

"Travers-Small"

Watch IV Old Guard
Football Team
Soccer Team
Weight-lifting Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

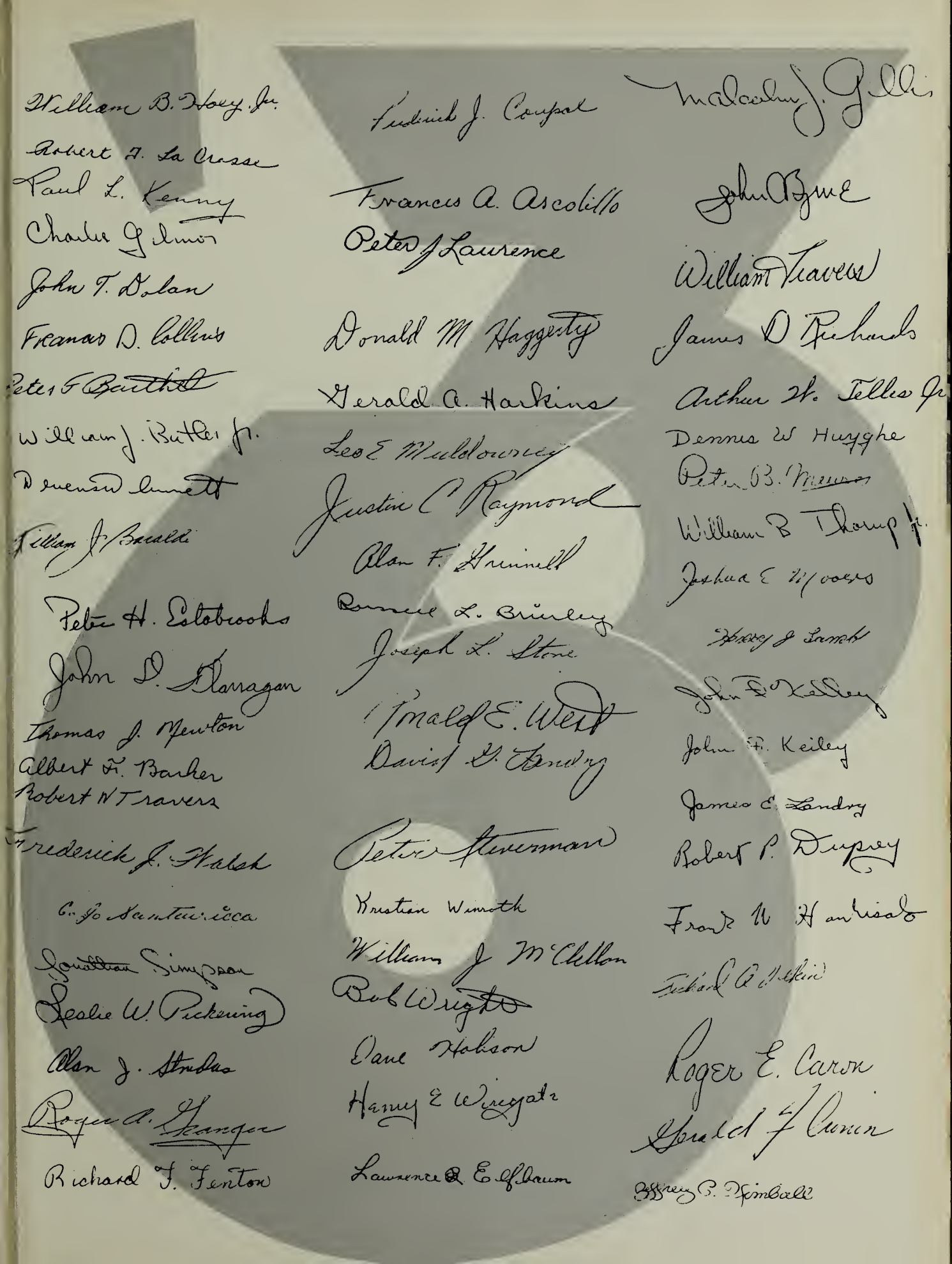
Having resigned his post with Barnum and Bailey Circus for want of a bigger arena, Bob came to M.M.A. to become its "Mighty Midget". With Bob came his brother, Travers-Tall, of the famous Travers Team.

The brothers split in their second year, Bill becoming a deckie and Bob an engineer. Under the guiding hand of Watch IV men like his pal, Cav, Bob became a good engineer.

During his stay, Bob played well for the football team and soccer team, the former as a speedy halfback that would run like the wind.

For three years, Bob stayed in Watch IV to become one of the most proficient in their special duty.

For Bob, the Class of "63" wishes the biggest, greatest, grandest things of life.



CRUISES

NEW BEDFORD, '61
BOSTON, '62
BUZZARDS BAY, 63
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, '63
NEW ORLEANS, LA., '62
TAMPA, FLORIDA, '61
PORT EVERGLADES, FLORIDA, '62
SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO, '63
GALVESTON, TEXAS, '61
ST. THOMAS, V.I., '62
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, '62
ST. LUCIA, B.W.I., '62
BARBADOS, B.W.I., '62
ARUBA, D.W.I., '62
CRISTOBAL, C.Z., '61-'62
PORT-au-Spain, TRINIDAD, '63
U.S.N.S.
RODMAN NAVAL STATION, '61
PANAMA CANAL ZONE
UNITED STATES
CARIBBEAN SEA
CUBA
HISPANIOLA

1961 CRUISE
1962 CRUISE
1963 CRUISE
SOUTH AMERICA
CALLAO, PERU, '61
VALPARISO, CHILE, '61
MONTEVIDEO, URAGUAY, '63
RIO de JANEIRO, BRAZIL, '63
BAHIA, BRAZIL, '63
Guayaquil
Salaverry
Callao
Lima
Pisco
Mollendo
Arica
Iquique
Antofagasta
Caldera
La Serena
Valparaiso
Cartagena
Constitucion
Concepcion
Talcahuano
Valdivia
Puerto Montt
Juan Fernandez
Belem
Fortaleza
Natal
Recife
Maceio
Aracaju
Salvador
Ilheus
Vitoria
Rio de Janeiro
Santos
Paranagua
Florianopolis
Rio Grande
Montevideo
Rocha
Buenos Aires
La Plata
Bahia Blanca
Rio Negro
Comodoro Rivadavia
Bahia Blanca
Pta Mogotes
C San Antonio
Rio de la Plata
Parana
Juncao
Ilha Trindade
Ilha Fernando de Noronha
AMAZONAS
RIVER

1962 TRAINING CRUISE

January 17, 1961 had been the long anticipated date of our youngie year, for on this day we were to embark on our first real adventure as seamen. The Bay State got underway a little later than had been scheduled and left Buzzards Bay full of on-looking kin and sweethearts. After four hours on the main, the ship lost the dockside stability to which we were accustomed and began to "cork-screw" (a combination of pitching and rolling). It wasn't long before we were under King Neptune's wrath for land-lubbers as he cast his spell of seasickness upon us.

We lived in misery for a day or so until Rex gave us our sea legs and stomachs; then we began to seek refuge from the ever present and demanding upper-jobs. We'd be enjoying the sun on the Gulf Stream in a brief pause from our sixteen hour working day when the call from the depths bellowed through the decks, "YOUNG MAN"! These words struck us like a shaft of fear. We couldn't escape them as the upper-jobs had used all the hiding places when they were youngies.

We were only two days away from the Panama Canal when the Caribbean became a little choppy. The Bay State took some heavy rolls as the fantail became awash. We crowded the forward decks photographing the spray from the stem and the foc'sle as it sounded and sprung upward sending water over the decks. Eating proved to be a bit of a problem on the rolling seas as crockery, food, and midshipmen were scattered from one end of the mess deck to the other.

Early in the morning on 25 January 61, we anxiously strained our eyes to see through the coastal fog to the hills of Panama. By mid-morning the sun had burned away the fog and we were making way through the Panama Canal to the first set of locks, the Gatun Locks.

A new, but temporary, crew of men came aboard as line handlers and secured the ship to the (mechanical) donkeys which pulled us through the locks. After a brief stay over in Gatun Lake, we passed through the remaining sets of locks and arrived in Rodman, the U.S. Naval Base at Panama. Starboard watch was turned loose at 1330. Some stopped at the base pool and the exchange, but the vast majority jumped aboard the small buses and sped through the winding jungle roads to Panama City and Balboa. Here were found shops of all descriptions, and we had our first try at dickering. Most of us lost our shirts even through we thought we were getting the better deal. After shopping, there were more things to see such as the Cathedral of San Jose, better known as the Cathedral of the Golden Altar, and the ruins of old Panama City laid in waste by Henry Morgan, the pirate, who dragged men

and cannon across the isthmus to surprise the ancient city from behind and who threw his slain victims into the famous wells in the ancient city.

That evening when the cameras had done their intended tasks, we sought the city's entertainment. Taxi drivers were always willing to take us to displays of Panamanian culture put on by the people of the city and country alike. Dancing and entertainment

were a new facet to us at the Teen-Age Club and the Mambo Club, but as versified middies we quickly adapted ourselves to it and acquired new knowledge to round out our personalities in becoming Merchant Marine officers.

Seven days of port routine elapsed and then we were en route to Valpariso, Chile. The Pacific was calm, flat calm, and proved very easy steaming. We crossed the equator at 0200 on 4 February and on the following day we were visited by a strange band of men. King Neptune, Davy Jones, the Royal

Baby, and some other scurvy characters arose from the depths through the hawse pipe to initiate all tadpoles into becoming shellbacks. At the trumpeting of the bugler, King Neptune and his court made their way to the midst of the Corps of the 01 deck aft and one by one we were intitiated. The main body of the ceremony consisted of crawling up to the Royal Baby, kissing his grease laden "belly-button", diving into a pool of water to fetch a golden rivet in ones teeth and crawling back to King Neptune who pronounced us SHELLBACKS.

Valpariso was something new. The harbor was formed by a huge breakwater while the city was built on the side of a small mountain. Cable cars assisted Valpo's residents up the steep side of the mountain while buses carried them along the waterfront and up the coast to Vina del Mar, the attractive residential section of the port city.

A bus tour to Santiago, the nation's capitol, was arranged by Lt. Yard which took us about a hundred miles inland. We started in the morning and began rolling across plateau

after plateau. The first stop was at a church half way between Valpariso and Santiago where thousands of people perigrimate annually from the two cities as well as the local farms to pray and give homage here every Easter. They travel as far as a hundred miles on foot. The legend states that a wood cutter was chopping in the woods one day and saw the Virgin Mary there. He told his story to the townspeople, and a church was constructed on that spot.

Our journey to Santiago was again interrupted by a stop at a typical small farm where we saw the conditions to which the common farmer had to adhere. We saw Santiago where we visited the city's heart where we enjoyed a steak dinner, banquet style, as well as the sights. We stopped at the race track, a beautiful arrangement of turf and dirt tracks, gardens, Spanish Architecture and not even a cigarette butt for litter. In the center of the city was a tall hill with a magnificent statue of Christ at its peak designed and built in France by the same man who built the statue of liberty.

During our final days in Valpariso, the Seaman's Institute and the city held a dance in our behalf. This was a switch from the hops to which we were accustomed in the states as each Senorita had a chaperon with her. Those who didn't go to the dances went to a cocktail party given by the city's officials, and the remainder spent their idle hours in the Hotel Zurich, an internationally famous hotel for seaman the world over.

There was excitement on board also as Admiral Thompson and Captain Rounds were

hosts to the high government officials, of Chile.

The itinerary scheduled Callao, Peru as our next port, and five days after we departed from Valpariso, we entered the fog covered harbor of Callao. Due to an anchove factory dumping its wastes into the harbor, the waters had a penetrating olfactory atmosphere and blackened everything it touched.

Luckily, the points of interest were a distance from the harbor, so we left the Peruvian Naval Base, with combat clad guards armed with Thompson sub-machine guns, and taxied to Lima. Silver and llama fur products were the shopping attractions while sight seeing, restricted to some extent by the power of pisco, led us to the presidential palace guarded by the Incas, dressed in silver armor and helmets, and the ruins of Inca civilization.

On 28 February the Bay State, under the vigilant eyes of awe inspired Peruvian Naval midshipmen, backed from its dock and slid gracefully into a mud bank. This was surprising as the charts and pilot indicated maximum clearance for our position in the harbor's center. It didn't take long to shake loose, and we were under way for Cristobal, Panama.

We said "so long" to the Pacific as we passed through the Panama Canal to the Cristobal and the Caribbean. Cristobal was very hot and luckily only a three day stop, just enough time to do last minute shopping before entering the United States.

Galveston, Texas our next port welcomed the Bay State with music and cheer. As Texas planned to build a Maritime Academy, its state dignitaries came on board to discuss with our officers the customs, procedures, and regulations concerning M.M.A. to aid them in designing their charter. The meeting's importance was realized as we witnessed television photographers on board with Admiral Thompson as the center of attraction. The city also was host to us in holding a dance in our behalf, by Texan young ladies . . . never forget the marvels of the central indoor garden.

We left Galveston in a cloud burst and a few days later entered the gigantic Tampa

Bay. Florida wasn't planning to build a maritime academy, but they held a dance for us any way. Our financial conditions were now critically low and the thoughts of loved ones at home were now omnipresent as arrival in New Badford was at a chronological countdown.

We arrived in Massachusetts early and for thirty-six hours we were in comparatively frigid weather in the Cape Cod Canal,waiting to dock at New Bedford.

Then on 30 March the Bay State, with a fresh new coat on from the cruise's top priority project, tied up in New Bedford. The ship was swamped with people before all the lines were secured as we were united with our untanned families and friends. A few days of leave later, the ship was brought to and secured in its slip at Buzzards Bay to wait for next year's cruise.

1962 TRAINING CRUISE

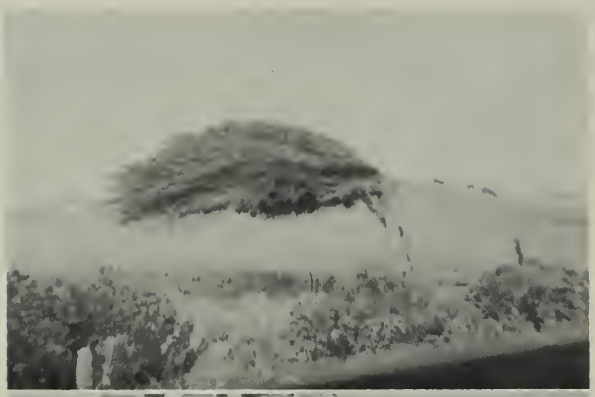
LET GO FORWARD! LET GO AFT! ALL AHEAD TWO-THIRDS, LEFT TEN DEGREES RUDDER! were the commands given from the bridge of the USTS Bay State on 9 January 1962 as she left the on-looking crowd of families and friends in the winter's cold crisp air. By the end of the first day the green sickness had taken its toll with heaviest casualties in the third class. As veterans of a year's cruise, the class of 1963 was scarce among the multitude of railhangers, and our talents were put to use in the various duties about the ship.

It seemed as though almost overnight the uniform of the day changed from blues to dungarees and T-shirts as the Bay State entered the Gulf Stream where the weather became clear and warmer as "bennies"

changed albino complexions to dark tans under the tropical sun. Five days of southerly steaming led us into St. Thomas and into the midst of a yacht club where sun-bathing maidens clad in bikinis draped themselves over the decks of the harbor's pleasure craft. Channel fever took a strong grip over us that night as anxiety of tomorrow's liberty increased.

Starboard watch was turned loose the next day at 1330, and the middies rapidly permeated the island. It was soon learned that the islanders were hostile towards uniforms rendering the rental of jeeps from Hertz and Avis difficult. However, a change of clothes and a slight twist to the truth got us the jeeps, and we quickly sought out Charlotte Armalie's better entertainment such as the Gate, Sebastian's, the Virgin Isle Hilton, Blackbeard's Castle, and others. The day concluded itself for us at the yacht club, a distance of a few feet from the ship.

Barbados, our next stop, had a smaller harbor, but its coral bottom gave the harbor a bright aqua color, an ideal background for the nautical photographers. Bridgetown had unusual nightspots, but at the head of the list was Harry's, an unobstructed presentation of the candour which is so often propagated about the islands but rarely found. The island had several beach clubs which we frequented during the day, one of which catered to the Queen of England. The Coka Cola Steel Band came on board to play us music on the famed steel drums of the islands during one of the final days in port and our visit was culminated by a dance where the twist became endoctrinated as one of the



island's prominent dances as the middies spelled the dance band and set the beat.

Two days later found us en route to Aruba in the Dutch Indies.

This small island, covered with a rough terrain of rock, coral, cactus, a small jungle, and divi-divi trees, lies just north of Venezuela and refines Venezuelian crude oil at St. Nickolas. Orangestad offered fine food at Trocadero and the Bali Club, but St. Nicolas, at the other end of the island, offered more excitement. The Dutch Marines were host to the middies on a tour finishing with a picnic. The Lago Oil Company gave the port watch a picnic with a dance. The tour included the water distillation plant, an ancient abandoned gold mine and the famous Caribbean casino, the Aruba Caribe Hotel.

After a brief stopover at Cristobal, Panama offering shopping opportunities and a near exposure to parrot fever, the Bay State plowed back across the Caribbean to Kingston, Jamaica. Some of Kingston's citizens were very hostile towards white people and to insure our personal safety, we were advised to remain in groups at a minimum of ten strong. A sentry was posted at the foot of the gangway and men armed with fireaxes guarded the foc'sle and fantail mooring lines from would-be stowaways. Taxis were very inexpensive, so we saw everything from the famed Hope Gardens to Port Royal, Henry Morgan's castle whose cannon guarded the harbor's narrow entrance. The day terminated at the Myrtle Bank Hotel, a short walk from the pier. Kingston had many peddlers

on the street and, surprisingly, more could be bartered for from items than currency. Just about everyone left Jamaica with a mammy doll, Jamaican origin, and some whicker work.

The next port had been longed for since its announcement back at Buzzards Bay, New Orleans at Mardi Gras. It took a good part of the day to steam up the muddy Mississippi through to the metropolis.

The Mardi Gras was really amazing. Hoards of celebrating people danced through the French Quarter in tranquilized pandemonium while the crowd doubled each day for seven days. Krewe parades of colorful floats brought the crowds to Canal Street while float riders cast necklaces and other assorted items to the crowds as the last day of the Mardi Gras approached. Feminine nudity became more prevalent as Venus whipped her subjects into an amorous frenzy. From Antoine's to the Playboy key club and through the French Quarter in general, the city began to split, as did Sampon's bondage chains from his tremendous power until the final day of Mardi Gras arrived when the city felt no legal or moral restraint to celebrating as the masses let the feelings overrun their bodies. The following day the city had died with only the celebration's extensive litter left on the streets as a reminder of the 1962 New Orleans Mardi Gras. It was a tremendous and unforgettable time, but the Bay State had to finally leave.

Port Everglades provided some of the last "bennies" of our second class cruise. Some went to Miami, but the majority frequented Fort Lauderdale's beach. Girls were plentiful and plush living very common, but our next and last run was on its chronological countdown.

Finally, we reached Boston on St. Patrick's Day and tied up to Commonwealth Pier. The gangway was no sooner lowered when parents and friends swarmed over the ship as families were once again united.

1963 TRAINING CRUISE

Doubt arises in many minds as to whose hearts were more excited on the 7 January 1963 at 1330; friends' and relatives' or ours. For friends' and relatives', the usual excitement exists when a close one departs for a prolonged period; for first-classmen the usual feeling exists of almost having completed three years of schooling and completing the course. The first class cruise marks the time when the goal so long awaited is within grasp.

On that unusually fair and warm day for January, the Bay State nudged its nose south through the ice chunks in the Cape Cod Canal. Such a sight could only bring ironic chuckles to the middies as much warmer weather would be in store in days to come and would stay with us for the whole trip through the waters off the eastern coast of South America.

The usual first night at sea was shared by most with the exception of the first-class engineers, who registered no fatalities. "Mal de mer" scored high amongst the third-class with decreasing percentages among the second class and first class, respectively. Most, though, were over their ill-feeling by the second day.

The schedule at sea is most easy to get adjusted to after having been used to the rigorous schedule during class time in Buzzards Bay. The bunk is yours anytime after sunset and formations are kept to the minimum. Drills are held once a week, either a fire drill or a boat drill.

The weather became increasingly warmer as we headed toward Jacksonville for drydock. On schedule, we steamed up the St. John's River on Friday the eleventh and be-

came high and dry in Rawls Bros. Drydock by 1600 that afternoon. The weather was fantastic the first day but proved disappointing in the pursuing days as rain and much cooler weather plagued us. Special liberty was granted to most who requested it and middies were able to visit with their Florida relatives for as long as five days. Needless to say the middies appreciated the generosity of the administration.

A tour given by U. S. O. at Jacksonville for us will long be remembered as a day well spent. The tour included a visit to Marineland, home of the trained porpii and whale, and a visit to many of the historic and truly interesting spots in old St. Augustine. The famous Fountain of Youth, where water is expensive, was seen by most and somewhat frowned on as it appeared to be built on fantasy more than fact.

Progress was made on the very difficult jobs. Soon departure date arrived. Water was flooded into the drydock, the Bay State became afloat, tugs carefully guided us out as one long blast was heard from the Bay State's whistle. Down the St. John's River we headed to the south and sunny Puerto Rico.

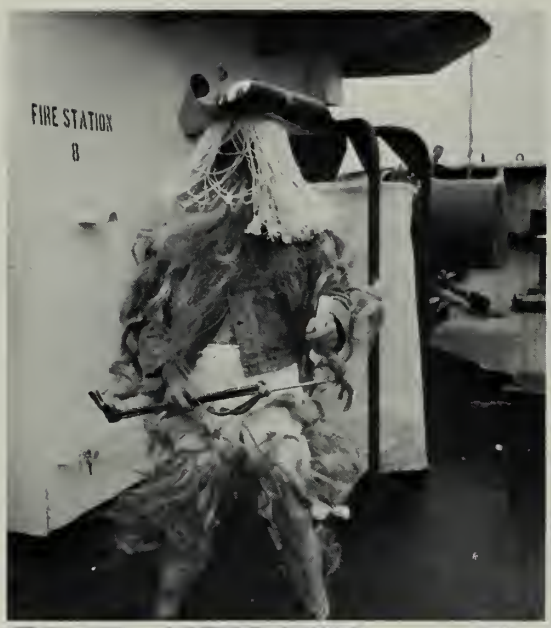
On the 25 January, Friday, the Bay State passed under the shadow of Morrel Castle at the entrance of San Juan harbor. We tied up at the docks adjacent to the naval base. The weather was fine and very warm but keeping in mind the cold temperatures back home, it slightly cooled our brows.

El Yunque, mountain in the National Park outside of San Juan, was visited by many middies and from here the beautiful Puerto Rican country side could be admired. The plush hotels of San Juan with their fast moving casinos seemed to be a challenge, but considering the money already on the table — it scared you! At night there were a few baseball games at the newly built stadium where high quality baseball is played during the winter months.

Our stay in San Juan was enjoyed by most every one, but not all. Complications rose to a height where departure could have been delayed. A confused policeman can cause a lot of trouble!

A cocktail party given by the mayor of San Juan for Joe Louis was attended by middies at the invitation of the mayor. Also attending were some very lovely Puerto Rican ladies who were excellent hostesses toward us at the party. All had an enjoyable evening thanks to Mr. Yard, who arranged for our attendance at the party.

A long trip was in store for us after departure from San Juan. Ten days at sea was a long haul for most and contained in these ten was a trip across the equator. King Neptune would surely make a visit to the Bay State! Under the shadow of Morrel Castle the Bay State made its exit from San Juan


FIRE STATION
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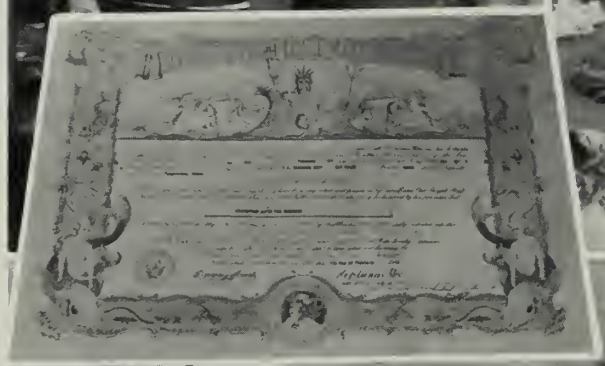


with no police escort. The course that was plotted took us through the windward Islands, passing at times the same areas we had passed the year before.

The water began to turn a lighter color, and the sun shone brighter and HOTTER as we plugged course south toward King Neptune's domain. The sea water temperature rose to a grand 84 degrees, keeping the heat lingering in the ship's spaces, especially in the engine room.

On the 2nd of February, Saturday afternoon, the Bay State had a rather distinguished visitor from the briney deep: Davy Jones. Not entirely a hospitable or handsome chap for being a member of royalty, he handed the skipper a warning that he was soon to enter King Neptune's royal domain. Tension (?) reigned among all the POLLYWOGS (men who haven't crossed the equator) as King Neptune's court could always be counted on to be rather harsh to Pollywogs.

There is an old custom of the sea which says that all those crossing the equator for the first time shall be made to appear before the Court of King Neptune to be properly initiated in passing from a Pollywog to a Shellback.

On the day that we passed the equator on our last cruise, all the first classmen, who were already Shellbacks, were appointed by King Neptune to bring all pollywogs before his court. King Neptune ordered that all Pollywogs kiss the Royal Baby and also visit the Royal Chef, The Royal Barber and the Royal Artist. After encountering the Royal Chef, and his garbage trough, the Royal Barber and his oil shampoo, the Royal Artist and his endless supply of paint, all Pollywogs were to be assisted into the pool of salt water where they were required to pick up a golden rivet in their teeth and deposit it in the hands of King Neptune.

On compliance with the above conditions former Pollywogs received the title of SHELLBACK. All midshipmen on board the "Bay State" in February of 1963 were proclaimed as Shellbacks.

Sunday at 1400, King Neptune arrived, accompanied with his Royal Court, to visit with Shellbacks (men who have crossed the equator) and initiate Pollywogs. Among the officers who hadn't been so initiated were Mr. Hendy and the witty, Dr. Tiede. All was in plain fun when the royal artists, chefs and barbers made ready the Pollywog for the royal dubbing as a Shellback.

Bahia greeted us as warmly as we greeted this old city of Brazil. Temperatures soared, hitting close to the 100 degree mark on that summer day. Reminding us of Valpariso Chile, we could only know that friendly and hospitable people awaited us. The city has two levels: upper and lower. Elevators, fernículas and steep roads connect the two levels of this city of 700,000 people.

Tours and dances were scheduled for the first and second days so that all might be able to see the magnificent sights and enjoy the hospitality. Every evening of our stay there, some hospitable group arranged something to entertain us. The English Club and the Bahia Athletic Club, the American Consul, were fine hosts to us and through the work of these fine people everyone enjoyed their stay immensely.

In spite of the fact that Brazilians speak Portuguese, we made ourselves understood. Our Spanish was on par with that of most Brazilians and every attempt at conversation was as much an education to the Brazilians

as it was to us. Indeed our Spanish as well as the Brazilians' Spanish was improved considerably during our stay.

For a very reasonable price a fine dinner could be enjoyed. Souvenirs were very cheap and many a clay jug became the proud possessions of many of us. "La Bronza," a Brazilian good luck charm, was purchased as being a truly indigenous souvenir.

After ten days at sea, mail and words from home as well as the good ole "green stuff" were the main concern of many. To the disappointment of middies the mail expected wasn't the mail received.

Salvador is a city of which it is said there is one church for every day of the year. It sounds incredible but to the astonishment of many this fact was true. Among those churches visited is one which is prominent in our minds, the Church of Sao Frisco.

As travelers we can say that this church is more golden than the Church of the Golden Altar in Panama. The church and monastery, located in the upper city, are taken care of by the Jesuits, who, as an order, were among the first to live in the city.

Leaving Bahia, the Bay State headed south to Montevideo, a large city in the smallest country of South America, Uruguay. Approximately one-third of Uruguay's population lives in Montevideo with a population of over 3,000,000 people of mostly Spanish descent.

The trip from Salvador to Montevideo was enjoyable as the temperature fell to a milder degree. At night while watching the movie on deck we had to wear either a jacket or a sweater.

On Monday the 18th, the ship arrived off Montevideo early in the morning and waited at anchor for a pilot. The skyline was much like the skyline of Boston. At approximately 0730 we headed into Montevideo harbor passing the buoy which marks the spot where the famous German warship, Graf Spee, lays. The ship cautiously moved between the breakwater through the brackish waters of Rio Plata to its dock. Awaiting were high

officials of the American Embassy and Uruguayan government.

Liberty quickly followed for starboard watch and we obtained rides into the city from merchants who were anxious for our business. Leather and woolen goods are among the best bargains and many a man will dorn those sharp antelope sportcoats in the years to come.

The first two evenings a dance was held at the Apostleship of the Sea for the middies arranged by the Newman Club. Father Bootskiss was our host and his hospitality was very much appreciated. A gaucho tour was enjoyed by many. The tour took us to the stock yards just outside Montevideo which are owned by the government. Seeing and talking with the real gaucho reminded us of our own western cowboy. Uruguayan cattle, it is said, if grain-fed, would be better than American cattle. After our steak dinner, the tour took us to the Uruguayan Congress building where our very informative guide related many interesting facts of Uruguayan politics.

To Rio, the South American port reknown all over the world, the Bay State laid course. She reached Rio two days before Ash Wednesday and just in time for the city's Carnival Festival. Having experienced Mardi Gras at New Orleans the year previous, we were all very well prepped for the celebrations ahead.

Samba, Samba, Samba and Boom, Bang, Boom, in such an exhiliarating beat it just made you dance down the street with the natives.

With all the cruise ships in, including the Bay State Maru, the cruizero to dollar exchange decreased. Consequently, the amount of money that we had expected to have was decreased and some purchases had to be curtailed for another time. Brazilian hospitality was paramount at Carnival Time and many friends were made, both male and female.

In South America the grandest celebration of the year is "Carnaval", usually referred to in this country as Mardi Gras.

The central location of this annual fiesta is the city of Rio de Janeiro. We were fortunate to have had a chance to observe this gala celebration on our last cruise.

The people in the city, the people from the outskirts, and the poor people from the hills all join together to celebrate. Decked

out in their beautiful costumes, the people dance in the streets of Rio to the beat of the Samba.

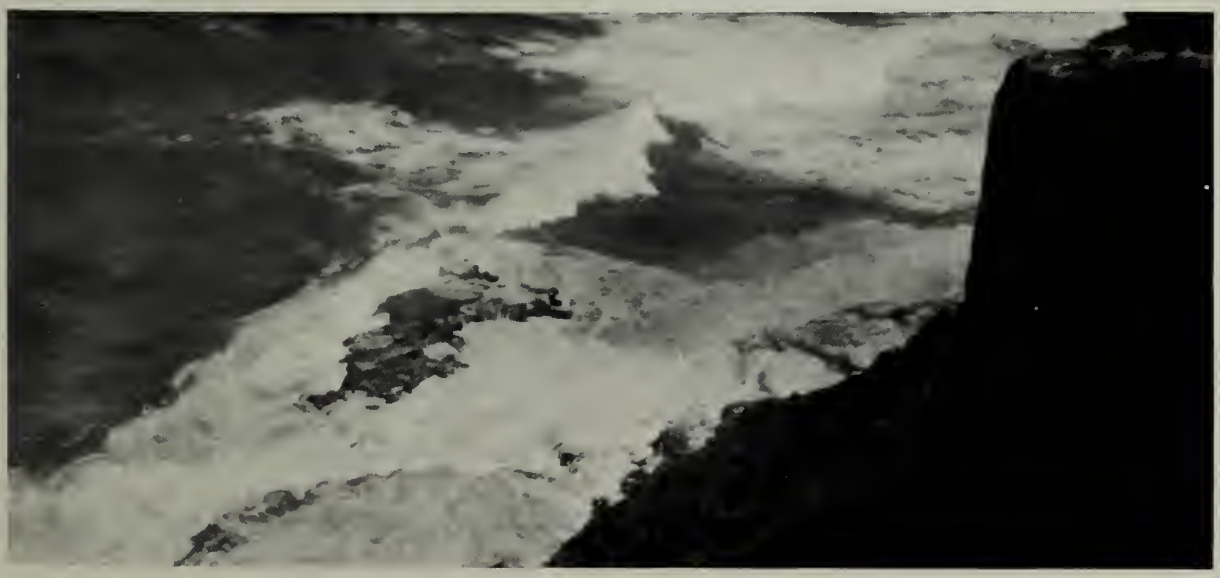
The poor people from the hills invest their yearly savings in material for making their costumes. The most beautiful costumes of the "Carnaval" are worn by the poor people. Being in Rio for the "Carnaval" is an experience which will be long remembered!

On Tuesday evening many will remember the dance at the Automobile Club that ended at 4 A.M. We romped and stomped with the Brazilians at this dance—SAMBA? SAMBA? SAMBA. All who had attended had to rise at the usual 6 o'clock reveille. Energy was at its ebb, when reveille sounded that morning. Grumbles and grunts were heard, but all this was to be expected. A very delirious day ensued!

A tour of Rio was enjoyed one day during our stay. The tour took us to the famed tourist spots such as Sugar Loaf, Copacabana Beach, Corcovado, the statue of Christ the Redemmer, and other interesting places, that will long be remembered. A view from the top of Corcovado will firmly be within the mind of all who saw it. Really breathtaking!

Who doesn't think of Rio when he immediately thinks of Copacabana Beach and bikinis! Many an eye and neck were strained as we rode the bus along the main avenue running along the beach in Copacabana.

Departure day came and under the watchful eyes of Sugar Loaf the Bay State made



headway north to Trinidad and in the general direction of home, from a port we all want to visit again.

Not many days out of Rio, information was that we were to by-pass Savannah and go, instead, to New Bedford directly from Trinidad. From New Bedford it was presumed that we would go to Buzzard's Bay.

Minus grey paint, fenders, and the strength of one piling, the Bay State, finally was made secure at the dock, U.S.N.S. Trinidad.

Arriving ahead of schedule by about twelve hours, we immediately went about the task of enjoying beforehand, any home treat that could be had. Second choice was ice cream and we got it. Needless to say, something from home tasted so very good!

It was discovered one morning that we were less one pair of skivs on the Bay State but they were quickly returned by an efficient Marine Major. He was thanked very much for his good deed.

The efficiency of the first-class is not to be underrated. From tip-top navigation to reefer-watching; from repairing boilers to watching flagpoles, we can do all the tasks no matter what! ——— and with efficiency!! For such abilities and sincere co-operation we were all thanked by the officers in-charge?

Departure delayed to the disappointment

of most (?) due to the needed repair of three leaky tubes in the boiler, middies of the Bay State had to find activities in which they might engage themselves. Most of the Efficiently organized Middies spent time on the base using the base's fine facilities.

The boiler repaired, after the many long hours of work, the Bay State departed from Trinidad with ALL FLAGS FLYING on Monday morning of 18 March to head north and home. Arrival for most of us wouldn't come soon enough as we bucked strong head winds and heavy seas most of the way up the coast.

Uncertainty and doubt plagued us most of the trip as to which port and what time we would arrive. Also in doubt was the length of our cherished leave period. A confused and bewildered crew staunchly headed north.

Head winds slowed our progress and arrival became more of a chance each hour but due to the hidden power somewhere in the Bay State, she plunged onward toward her own home birth!

The cool weather greeted us as we moved down the Cape Cod Canal. Excitement reigned with the people. Nudging her nose to the State Pier, the Bay State made it to her berth safely and soundly bringing us home after our last trip aboard her.

U.S.S. DOYEN, designated as APA-1, launched at Craig Yard and outfitted at Wilmington, was commissioned in May, 1943. She was named for Brig General Chas. A. Doyen, U.S.M.C., who distinguished himself at Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Wood, World War I.

HISTORY OF THE BAY STATE

HISTORY OF THE BAY STATE

With every major Pacific invasion to her credit, from Kiska to Iwo Jima, and over 100,000 miles in her log, the U.S.S. Doyen, renamed the Bay State, came to us in 1957, after a 12 year rest in the laid up fleet in the Hudson River, to be our home away from home for three long years.

Built at the Consolidated Steel Corporation ship yard in Los Angeles and commissioned in May of 1943 as the U.S.S. Doyen (A.P.A. Type) she immediately started on her short but hectic career in the Pacific theater of World War II.

The keel was laid in the summer of 1941 a matter of 23 years after she was designed. Why construction was delayed so long we do not know, but we do know that when Congress authorized her building, her present use was never dreamed of.

An account of her action is recorded here. Far from complete as a history of her accomplishments, it, however, gives an idea of what happened aboard the ship on which we have spent so much time and effort.

In the early days of the War, with few ships, and men with little more to offer than intestinal fortitude, the task of wrestling the islands of the Pacific from the Japanese Empire was started. It was with one of these "dwarf" invasion task forces that our own Bay State received her baptism of fire.

Shortly after being commissioned she took part in the assault of Kiska. After that there was; Tarawa, Kwajalein, Siapan, Guam, Leyte, Lingayen and Bloody Iwo. These assaults are now history, but the countless happenings which belong to the records of each give an idea of what our ship has done.

At Tarawa, the Bay State was the first ship in the lagoon and the only transport in the lagoon during the first four days. To Tarawa, the Bay State carried the famed Second Marines. Accompanying them were Admiral Harry Hill, Colonel Shoup and General H. M. Smith. This was a high honor, but glory wears thin when your next job is picking up casualties. That also was the job of the Bay State at Tarawa, Iwo Jima and other invasion beaches.

After Tarawa, the Bay State landed the Second Marines on Siapan and the Third on Iwo.

Mr. D. E. Hogan chats with Captain Rounds about the old days of the "Bay State", then the U.S.S. Doyen, of World War II fame. Mr. Hogan, as a Lt. Cmdr., was skipper of the Doyen in World War II during many of the ship's most anxious moments.

The ship was a lucky ship, her only damage sustained in battle was at Lingayen. Having ships sunk forward, astern and on both sides of her, the Bay State emerged with only minor casualties; a shell which severed the forward port boom, and only one injury, a sailor who was injured diving through an open laundry hatch during the aerial attack.

All has not been bloodshed and suffering for the Bay State. Since she has come to us here at the Academy she has provided a haven to hundreds of middies both at the Academy and abroad on our annual cruises. There have been many humorous incidents, odd happenings and good times. There were times for fun, like the celebration of the introduction at Neptune's court when crossing the equator and many other amusing incidents that appear here in the "Muster".

The ship now serves a more humbler duty, that of a training vessel. Taking much abuse from the middies who now use her to learn the ways of the sea, as only the practical experience afloat can give them.

This grand ship is humble only before the smiling, sometimes complaining eyes of the midshipmen she has taken to ports around the world. The one thing that makes her proud is not the decorations, nor the citation given her, but the letters of the former midshipmen that made her their home for three years, who write to thank the officers and crew for the knowledge and experience they received aboard her to start them on their various careers. It is a justifiable pride.

The Bay State has served ably in the past, and is still serving in 1963, her twentieth birthday, to turn out officers and men of the Navy, Merchant Marine and all walks of life, who have compiled such a brilliant record of accomplishments.

The officers, crew and midshipmen are proud of the Boy State and her record. They are proud of the boys the ship has carried and how she carried them.

All the incidents recorded here in the "Muster" were lived on the Bay State—the adventures, the sorrows and the fun.

Mr. Hogan expresses his excitement at seeing his old ship so far from home in the port of Montevideo, Uruguay, during the '63 cruise.

First line comes ashore as the "Bay State" brings us home after our last cruise aboard her.

HISTORY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS

The Academy is a division of the Massachusetts Department of Education, under the management and supervision of a Board of five Commissioners. It is subject to the regulations of the United States Maritime Administration, as well as the United States Navy.

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy, formerly known as the Massachusetts Nautical School, was founded in 1891, for the purpose of educating young men of the Commonwealth to become officers on the ships of the American Merchant Marine. The great majority of the many hundreds of graduates have continued a lifelong seafaring career, and have upheld and added to the fine maritime traditions of Massachusetts. Of late, in addition to this maritime training, a course is given in Naval Science to prepare the graduates for the United States Naval Service and many graduates have selected service with the United States Navy as commissioned officers. The graduates hold responsible positions on our merchant ships, from Captain and Chief Engineer down to Junior Officers on deck and in the engineroom, as well as high executive offices in our government Maritime Agencies, the Navy, and private shipping companies. In great measure they look back on the training and discipline received in this school as a fundamental reason for their success.

In 1893, the Massachusetts Nautical School began its task of turning out merchant marine officers with the arrival of the USS ENTERPRISE. The ENTERPRISE was made available by the Federal government, through the Navy, for a training ship as part of a program to revive the American Merchant Marine. The steel barkentine USS RANGER replaced the ENTERPRISE in 1909 and during World War I was renamed the ROCKPORT to serve as a coastal patrol craft. After the war she was returned to the Academy and again renamed the NANTUCKET. In 1949 the school acquired the USS CHARLESTON and in 1957 the USS DOYEN, renamed the BAY STATE which is the present training ship. Graduates now receive Bachelor of Science Degrees . . . deck students in Nautical Science and Engineering students in Marine and Electrical Engineering. The school was founded in Boston, later moved to Hyannis, and has now found location at the State Pier in Buzzards Bay. The Commonwealth has proposed a long range building plan which has already begun and will eventually show a modern campus with many new facilities for training and recreation of the students.

U.S.T.S. BAY STATE

MARITIME ACADEMY

THE NANTUCKET

U.S.S. ENTERPRISE

U.S.S. CHARLESTON

SECOND CLASS

ENGINE

First Row: Vienneau, Cunningham, Peabody, Leonard, Olander, Brunstrom, Downing. **Second Row:** White, Miller, Flanagan, Slade, McNeil, Sexton, Snow, Coffin. **Third Row:** Quirk, Fox, McGinn, Jones, Sullivan, Donovan, Mahoney, Fears.

DECK

First Row: Trainor, Briggs, Crane, Flanagan, Gillis, Foley, Taddia. **Second Row:** Palmer, O'Toole, Robbins, Olson, Mahegan, MacQuade, Cass. **Third Row:** Kelley, Moriarty, Avakian, Brunnel, McNamara, Coughlin, Fitzpatrick.

THIRD CLASS

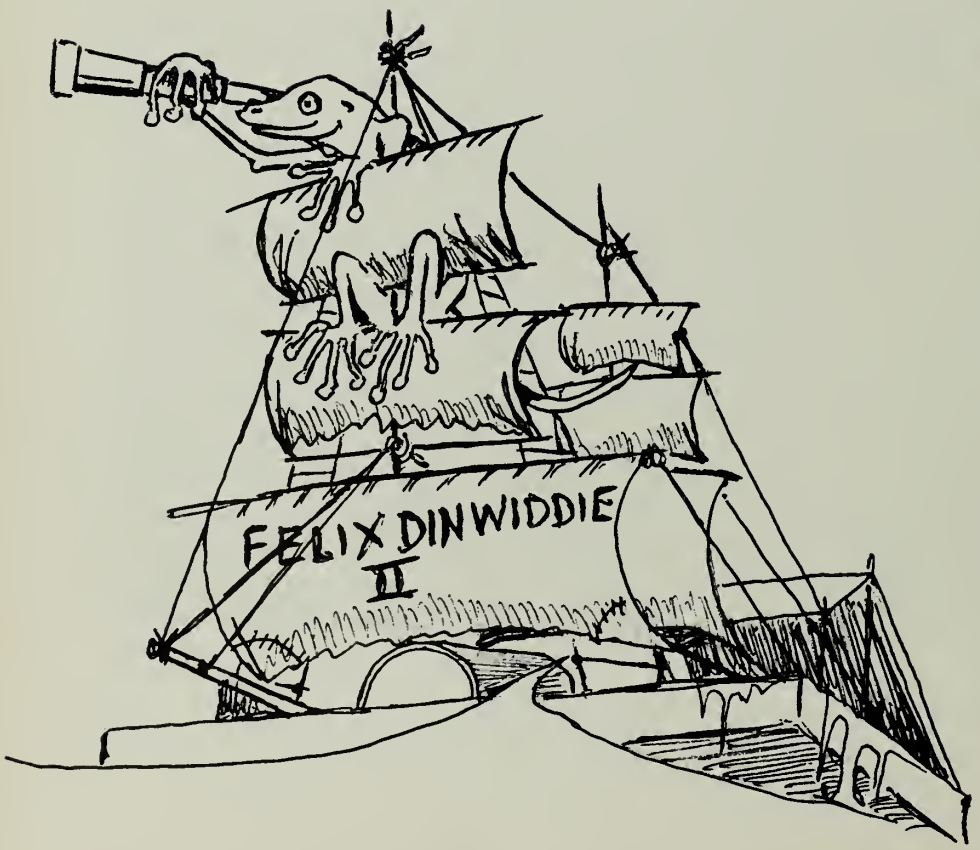
GROUP A

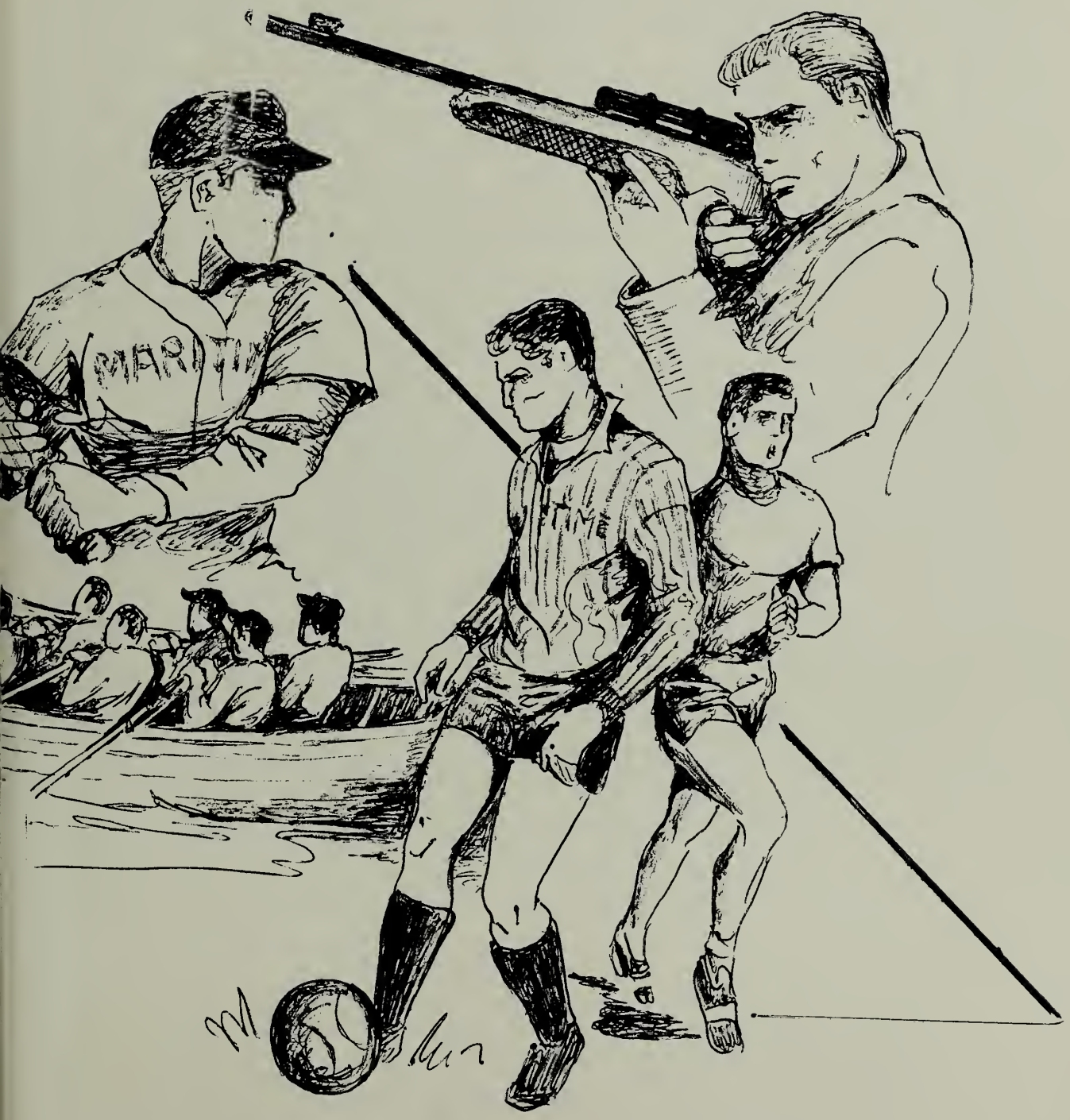
First Row: Adamson, Driscoll, Manning, Finley, Carroll, Froberg, Hathon. **Second Row**: Caia, Forand, Borden, Evans, Dunphy, Kelly, Gell, Dainis. **Third Row**: Downey, Bell, Carpenter, Felos, Harvey, Ford, Czerny, Hackett, Fiske, Hathaway.

GROUP B

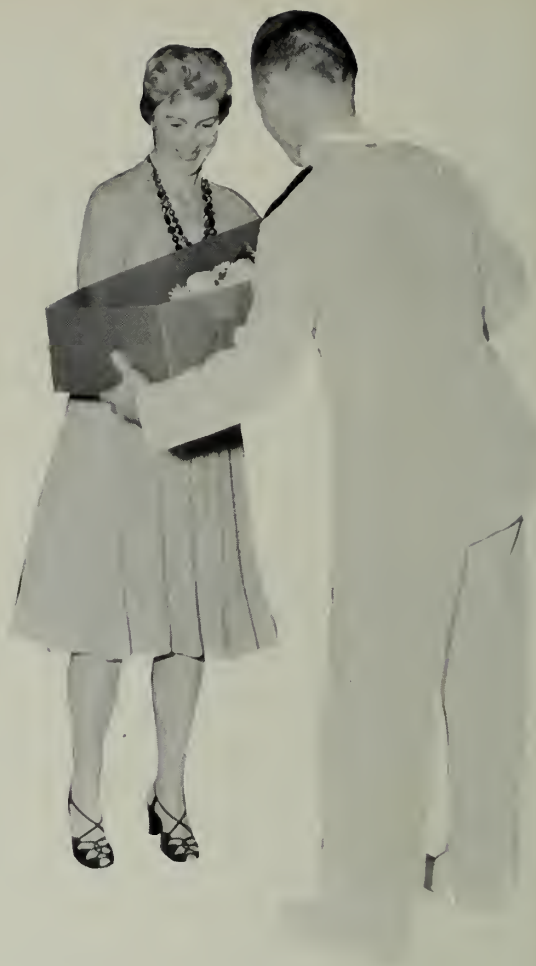
First Row: Kelleher, Ohrn, Mushet, Flannery, Sullivan, Hunt, Wenners. **Second Row**: Prouty, Skwyra, Rudinsky, Gibbons, Russell, Cass, Ward, Payton, McGlamery. **Third Row**: Saunders, Walsh, Paige, Stroud, Miante, Janssen, Cook, Saunders, R. C., Scanlon.

ACTIVITIES




MARITIME
TIME

THE RING DANCE



The Ring Dance, held each year, for the graduating class, is somewhat of a special occasion: it marks the first step for a midshipman towards a future at sea. The ceremony is a solemn one, as each man in turn steps to the binnacle at which time his girl dips his Ring into the water, representative of the seven seas of the world. The ring is then put on the midshipman's hand by the girl followed by the traditional kiss which is symbolic of the loved ones left to await the mariner's return.

Thus a midshipman is married to the sea with the many hardships and rewards that go along with it.

RING DANCE

RING COMMITTEE
L. to R.: J. A. Byrne; F. D. Collins; G. A. Harkins; Absent: D. D. Arnett, Chairman.

RING DANCE COMMITTEE
L. to R.: J. P. Kimball; T. J. Newton; P. F. Barthel; R. T. Lacrosse, Chairman.

DINNER DANCE

The Dinner Dance, held each year exclusively for the graduating class, was held on December twenty-seventh at the Colonial Inn in Lynnfield. Our chaperons were Lcdr. Page, Lcdr. Wright and once again, the never say, "no", Lt. Dorsey, all accompianed by their respective wives.

The Colonial Inn, situated on top of a hill, lit up like a Christmas Tree and with its own exclusive exit fro mNo. 128 was not very hard to find.

After having our cars parked by a few castoffs from Indianapolis and having our cravanettes and hats; the ladies' coats and hand bags checked we proceeded to the dining room. There we comfortably waited until nine for our dinner. In the interim introductions were made and social chatter exchanged per usual.

The menu consisted of either baked stuffed lobster or roast beef. One or the other was sumptuously enjoyed by all who attended. After we had all finished dinner, the tables were cleared from the floor and we danced until midnight. Everyone commented on the fine and delicious meal, and enjoyable dancing at the stylish Colonial Inn.

After the dance most migrated to Jonathan Simpsons home, conveniently located nearby where festivities continued. Once again on Sunday evening the compartment stories raged about the good time had by all!

MUSTER STAFF

Front row, L. to R.: W. B. Hoey, J. P. Kimball, G. F. Cronin, G. A. Harkins, F. D. Collins, R. E. West. Rear: W. B. Thorup, Jr., P. L. Kenny, T. J. Newton.

THE MUSTER STAFF

G. F. Cronin, editor

Publication of the yearbook has been completed. We, of the staff firmly and sincerely hope this will be a treasured volume of memories for you to last for the many years ahead.

The job of completing this book has not been an easy one. Co-operation, time, and a lot of patience has been prevalent during the time that it took to complete this volume. Much gratitude should be extended to those whose efforts have directed us of the staff into the final draft. To Mr. Dorsey, our advisor, Mr. Vantine, our publisher, and Mel Howard, our photographer, much is owed for their assistance.

Speaking as Editor of Muster '63, I must express a deep and sincere gratitude to those who worked directly with me. Their advice and time given for the production of this book has been tremendous toward achieving goals which were set so many months previous to publication. An undertaking of this sort doesn't take one man, two or even three men. It truly does take more than a handful to complete a publication of this sort. "Thanks a million, gang, you're tremendous!"

Literary editors D. Landry and J. Kimball.

Typists J. McQuade and J. Fox.

Art—R. West

Photographers C. Hobson W. Thorup, and F. Ascolillo

Business Manager G. Harkins

Writers L. Pickering and C. Gilman

FIRST DAY AS A "YOUNG MAN"

TEN — HUT!

The sun broke brightly on what would prove to be a dismal day on Taylor's Point. One by one the cars pulled slowly into the parking lot. Inside the cars sat the eager young men who had waited so long for this day of promise.

They came from many parts of the state . . . a few from out of state. They were big men, high school graduates, and now they had achieved the respected title of "cadet midshipman". They came in all varieties of dress; sportshirts and chinos, dungarees and polo shirts, pegged pants and suede shoes, suits and desert boots, cashmere sweaters and tennis shoes. Some wore their hair in the current fashion and sauntered aboard with their hands crammed in their pockets. Others walked aboard proudly, confident that they had nothing to fear.

The parents watched proudly from the shore. This was a big day in their lives too. To them this was the day that their sons would embark on a great and rewarding career. Some parents were even taking photographs, recording the eventful day for posterity.

They watched affectionately as their sons filed over the gangway. They saw their sons line up before a tall dark-haired midshipman in a dress-khaki uniform who had a clipboard in his hands and appeared to be writing down their names. There were a few midshipmen lounging around in khakis who appeared to be conversing with the new arrivals. The parents were a little puzzled when they saw one of the boys to whom an upperclassman was speaking suddenly reach out from the line and timidly pull the ear of the midshipman in the dress-khaki uniform.

THIS WAS THE ENTRANCE OF THE CLASS OF '63.

It is not too much of a strain on our memories to recall that day immemorial! However our impressions were blurred by the haste and rapid indoctrination we experienced. We were ushered below decks to our quarters and walked into an atmosphere of oppresive heat and noisiness. The noise was the continual whirring of the ship's ventilation system to which we would so soon become accustomed. We were issued a bag full of gear and wondered how we could cram it all into the small lockers we were assigned. We were also issued pillows and mattresses which we had to lug over to the building as well as the other gear that had to be stenciled. We didn't get much time to meet and converse with our classmates, (There was to be plenty of time in the future).

A few of us had an early introduction to the fine art of messcooking through which we acquired such useful skill as running the scullery, scrubbing decks, and feeding the "pig".

Yes, we were indoctrinated early and rapidly. It is amazing how quickly we learned to make bunks properly, make good coffee, spit-shine shoes, find chow, carry the correct brand of cigarettes, polish brass, messcook, sew torn clothing, scrub deck plates, stand "mids", invert, and "run the course".

The first classmen introduced themselves to us and although there were only about six of them on board those first days, we quickly thought that they were too numerous. Little did we know how it would be that following Monday when they all would return in force.

After a hectic day of rushing around, drawing gear, stenciling gear, making formations (on time), changing uniforms, meeting first classmen, messcooking, and through all this still trying to develop the art of "coziness" necessary for a successful year, we had supper and a truthful word, we didn't enjoy it!

After supper we marched over to the building to attend the showing of a movie which would show us the finer points of marching. Before and after the movie the first classmen answered a few of our questions about academy life and we acquired some bits of information as to what the year ahead would be like.

Following the movie we went to check muster and were awed to silence by the looming presence of an unidentified man on the 02 deck.

Shortly after check, we were in our bunks. We tried to picture the hundreds of days ahead. Our sleep was troubled by the many sounds of the ship's ventilation system and engineroom machinery.

So ended our first day at the academy. We quickly realized that we were each the bottom man of a very big totem pole. It was difficult for us to recognize the value or promise of that memorable day. But at the start of the long road of experience we learned our first lesson well——HUMILITY.

"Let's hear it! Louder."

Record American

RAINY, COOL
U. S. Report on Page 2

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN NEW ENGLAND

Vol. 1 No. 270 Boston, Saturday, August 11, 1962 44 Pages

SUNRISE

LET'S EAT MEN—Flanked by other cadet
rence calls off hunger strike. From left or
Battalion Adjutant Peter H. Estabrooks

Cadet Strike Spreads To Plebes

Whole School Joins Cadets' Mess Strike

BUZZARDS BAY — A two-day hunger
rike mushroomed through the entire enroll-
ent of the Maritime Academy's
ay State last night when 20 ple
pperclassmen in a mutiny again
tions. The two upper
isses launched their revolt
er academy commission-
ordered them restricted to
arters until Labor Day for

BOSTON RECORD AMERICAN, SATURDA

Hunger Strike in Third Day

BUZZARDS BAY (AP) — A hun-
ger strike which midshipmen at
the Massachusetts Maritime Acad-
emy insist is just that and noth-

ing less entered its third day to-
day with 75 underclassmen join-
ing in sympathy.

upperclass mid-
ed four meals
. The under-
to eat yester-
ay, saying the
heen "unjust-

candy, cakes and soft drinks are
sold.

The midshipmen said they have
had nothing to eat since Thurs-
day noon.

22 A THE BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD, AUG. 12, 1962

Cadets Remain Hungry Third Day in a Row

(Continued from First Page)

nes, Barnstable Republican, and
ancis Cook of Buzzards Bay, a
ember of the Academy commis-
on.

Speaking for the midshipmen
as Battalion Commander Peter
. Lawrence of Cohasset. He
aid the substance of their com-
laint was that nobody had told
hem why they had been denied
iberty for two weeks, and why
moking and other privileges
ave been denied since Wednes-
lay.

He said the boys have been told
at hazing of lower classmen was

the reason for the disciplinary ac-
tion, but protested that no mid-
shipman had been convicted of
hazing to an irregular degree.

Supporting his words were two
of the third classmen, L. W. Hew-
ett, Jr., of New Bedford, and R.
V. Caia of Weston.

SENTIMENTS OBVIOUS

Neither Lawrence nor any of the
other "official" spokesman for
the 200-man corps of midshipmen,
would voice any direct criticism
of Adm. John W. Thompson, su-
perintendent of the academy.

But their sentiments as to the
real culprit became obvious when

Jones asked the group as a whole
if "Commissioner Sullivan" might
be responsible.

"That's th eone," muttered several of the youngsters. One added. "He's been trying to run the Academy for years."

Sullivan is Atty. Arthur C. Sul-
livan of Lowell and Boston, chair-
man of the Maritime Academy
Commission.

One boy at the rear of the mess hall, where the grievance session was held, piped up that his father had talked to Sullivan and had been told by the commissioner that he was going to ruo the Academy "if I have to fight the Pope to do it."

Jones got a resoundings chorus
of yeas when he asked if the boys
thought Sullivan was trying to run
the Academy in a "dictatorial"
fashion."

Sullivan, asked Saturday night
for comment, said of Jones's de-
scription of him:

"He's been of that opinion for many years."

Sullivan said it was his under-
standing that most of the trouble
at the Academy was "newspaper
talk."

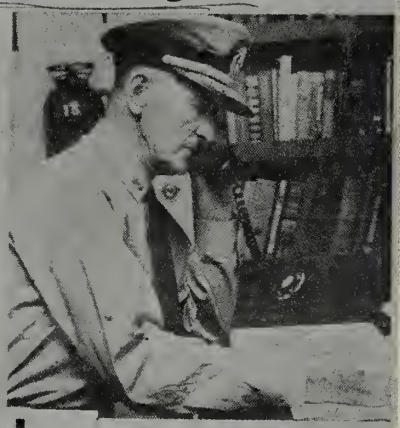
Lawrence told Jones and Cook
that 16 midshipmen detailed for
duty as ushers for the gradu-
ation exercises of the 1962 class
of the Academy in Bourne high
school Sunday would carry on

ne Academy Gets in Hunger Strike

150 Told Line Up or Be Carried

BUZZARDS BAY — Massachu-
setts Maritime Academy officials
cracked the whip of discipline
hard Friday night and served no-
tice on 150 upper classmen on a
"hunger strike" that they will be
lined up at exercises Sunday
"even if they have to be carried
there."

The exercises will be for the
graduation of 80 seniors who are
in no manner involved in the
incident that has broken out as a
result of Rear Adm. John W.



ACADEMY HEAD, Rear Admiral John
n, who, as superintendent of the Mas-
Maritime Academy at Buzzard's Bay,
oping with hunger strike among mid-

ame Put on Sullivan

Cadets Go Hungry Third Day in Row

W. J. McCARTHY

BUZZARDS BAY—Cadets of the Massachusetts
aritime Academy carried a hunger strike through
third day Saturday against what they said was
reasonable and unjustified discipline.

ly Water

is water," said one midshipman,

Cadets Break Hunger Strike

(Continued fro

mously to break
the advice of
Mushet, USMS, a
the academy att
Navy Hydrogra
Washington.

"Peonsylvania
state maritime a
of adverse publi
told them privat
SECOND HELPI

Volpe to Probe Hazing, Strik Of Maritime Academy Middi

Gov. Volpe will launch an investigation of the Mass. Maritime Academy
ing and hunger strike incident on his return to his office Wednesday, a spoke
announced Tuesday.

The Governor was due back
from the Seattle Worlds' Fair
Tuesday evening.

eight had quit the academy, he
said, "I can say no more at this
time."

ciplinary actions resultin
the hazing.

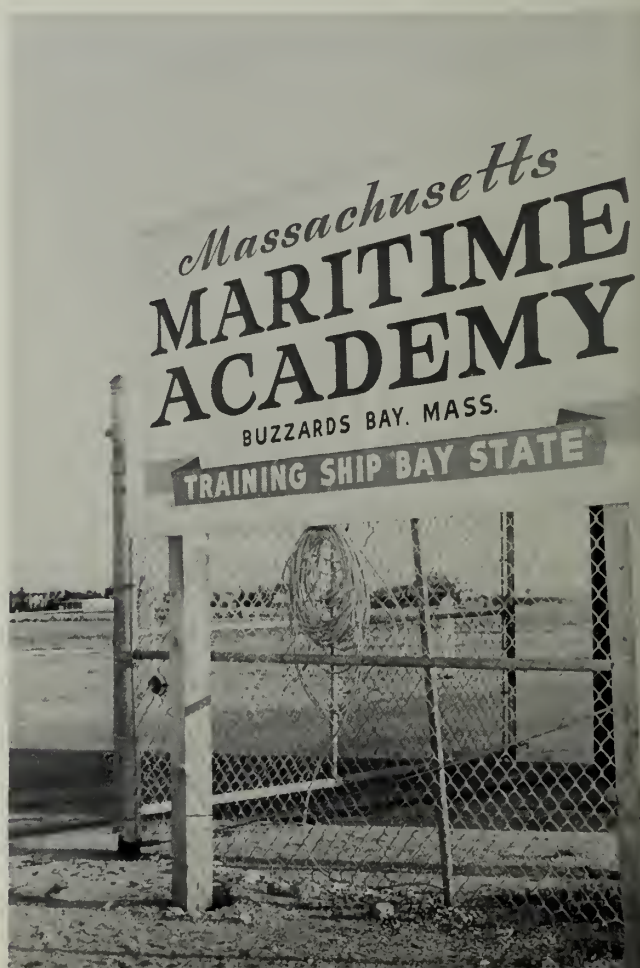
About 50 plebes join
upper classmen in the

First Row Gillis; Coffin; Caron, President; McClellan, Vice-president; Wright, Lawrence, Santavicca. **Second Row:** Dolan, Secretary-treasurer; Evans, Finley, DiTullio, Fox, Cunningham, Huyghe, Trainor, Harrison. **Third Row:** Vienneau, McGlamery, Gell, Dunphy, Downey, Ohrn, Czerny, Harvey.

CIRCLE K CLUB

The Circle K Club of Massachusetts Maritime Academy is a service club sponsored nationally by Circle K International, and locally by the Bourne Kiwanis Club. Circle K is active in most schools and colleges throughout this country and in Canada. We try to make our service to the school useful, versatile and willing to, in any way, provide a campus betterment program. Due to the exclusiveness of our type of school, we found it necessary to adapt the Circle K program to best fit our needs at the Academy, but it has been quite evident that even with a light adaption, the Club has been very successful and has already shown many results. The 1962-1963 school year has witnessed a great increase in the effects of our program, through our completed projects.

This past year, we were able to provide two interesting speakers; one of which produced valuable information to those in our class who may want to try investing some of their earnings. The Circle K Club has provided Identification Cards for every midshipman in the school, which most have found to be very worthwhile. The new sign at the main gate of the Academy is still another example of what Circle K has provided on the Campus. These mentioned projects are only a few, and the Club is still growing steadily with unlimited horizons, just as the academy itself is growing. We, the class of 1963, hope that even as we leave Massachusetts Maritime Academy, the Circle K Club will continue to grow and provide its services to the academy.



New sign at main gate provided by Circle K.

The Newman Club of Massachusetts Maritime Academy has proudly been in existence at the school for two years and has provided a spiritual and cultural as well as social background for its members and interested midshipmen here in Buzzards Bay and on cruise.

During the year a meeting for Newman Clubs of all schools in our region was held here at M.M.A. with our club as host. Representatives arrived from U.R.I., R.I. School of Design and other schools in the local area. Speakers were invited to speak to us concerning matters of religion and of general knowledge. Outstanding during the year were two Jesuit priests from Holy Cross College of Worcester; Father Drohan and Father Cahill. Much appreciation was in accord by both the midshipmen and club members for these priests' enlightening talks.

Father Mahoney curate at St. Margaret's in Buzzards Bay is our spiritual advisor; Mr. Dorsey, our faculty advisor. To these two men the club wishes to extend deep appreciation for their time and service, given so freely during the year.

THE NEWMAN CLUB

OFFICERS

L. to R.: C. F. Cronin, W. B. Hoey, Father Mahoney, P. L. Leonard, R. F. Fenton.

First Row, L. to R.: Byrne; Hoey, Public Relations; Leonard, Vice-president; Cronin, President; Fenton, Secretary-treasurer; LaCrosse, Librarian; Kenny. Second Row: Wenners, Kelliher, Payton, Evans, Gibbons, Dolan, Newton. Third Row: Miante, Cass, Hackett, Scanlon, Paige, Czerny, Strudas.

Front Row, L. to R.: Butler, Captain; Lt. Dorsey, Adviser; Kimball, Manager. **Back Row:** Wenners, Cunningham, Cass, Janssen, Dainis, Kelleher.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The third varsity sport at the academy is Cross Country track. This sport has lasted more consistently than any sport now in existence at the academy. The sport requires punishing conditioning as the meets have a running distance of three and a half miles to five miles. The runners run on the "point" every afternoon from July through November.

The team is closer than other sports at the academy as the meets are away and entail more than just a contest. The runners compete against the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, the New York State Maritime College at Fort Schyler, New York, and the Maine Maritime Academy at Castine as well as other non-military institutions. The visiting of these other maritime academies and comparing their methods to ours adds the spark needed to overcome the non-recognition received from our own school.

BASEBALL

Front Row, L. to R.: Hartnett; Crovo; Brace; Butler; Walsh, Captain; Hoey; Barker; Byrne, Crowley. **Back Row:** Briggs, Caia, Managers; Riley; Donovan; Russell; Sanders; Scanlon; DiTullio; Coach W. R. Hendy, Jr.

SCHEDULE

Eastern Nazarene College
Eastern Nazarene College
Gordon College
Nasson College
Curry College
Barrington College
Curry College
Gordon College

Baseball is a very popular sport in which the midshipmen may take part. Baseball has been a major sport at the academy for many years. Although the team has not had a winning season for a couple of years, they expect that this year will show a marked improvement.

The team captain, Fred Walsh, has hopes the team will get enough practice during the cruise, so that they will be already in shape for the beginning of the season at home.

Front, L. to R.: Sullivan; Slade; Leydon; Quinteiro; Benn; Russell; Barker, High Scorer; Cook; Kenny; Coach W. R. Handy, Jr. Rear: Driscoll, McGlamery, Proberg, Hoey, Hunt, MacQuade, Carpenter, Paige, Dunphy, Ohrn.

SOCCER

SCHEDULE

Exhibition Game "Alumni Day"
Salem State College
Fitchburg State College
St. Francis College
Rhode Island College
Barrington College
St. Francis College
Curry College
New England College
New Haven College
Salem State College
Curry College
Stonehill
Nasson College
Brandeis University

Sports at the academy due to the density of the academic schedule play a minor role. There are, however, at the academy three varsity sports and several intramural sports available to the midshipmen.

Soccer is a game where experience is of the utmost importance. The ball must be controlled, for the most part, by the feet of the players. The head, however, is a useful and effective method of moving up the field. A player is never allowed to stop the ball with his hands or arms with the exception of the goalie, who may use his hands or arms in the area of the goal.

Almost as important as experience is the physical condition of the player. The soccer field is twenty percent longer than a football field and the players must be in top notch condition to be able to keep pace with another ream in racing up and down the field in pursuit of the ball.

Due to the hard work of the players and coach and the co-operation of the faculty, the academy foresees a champion team in a very short time.

ENGINEERING
L. to R.: C. H. Gilmor, L. B. Elfbaum, R. E. Caron, P. H. Estabrooks, C. J. Santavicca, K. C. Winroth, P. F. Barthel.

CADET OFFICERS

Each year, a number of new first-classmen are chosen to be Cadet Officers. A great portion of the responsibility and work of running a division, rests on the shoulders of these Cadet Officers. They most often find few extra privileges for their efforts.

Above the trials and tribulations that he must experience, a Cadet Officer gains the experience of making decisions and administering policies.

DECK
L to R.: P. B. Meuse, F. J. Coupal, P. J. Lawrence, G. A. Harkins.
Absent: J. D. Flanagan.

FIRST CLASS

L. to R.: J. T. Dolon, R. E. West, W. J. McClellan, Jr., P. H. Lawrence, C. J. Santavicca, R. S. Trainor, W. B. Thorup, Jr.

HONOR GUARD

The Honor Guard is a precise military drill unit which performs on only one occasion of the year; the annual Ring Dance. This years Guard, Captained by Midshipman Crane, began their practice nearly three months prior to the big night and all who attended the dance will certainly agree that the Honor Guard's stylish demonstration is something that we will always remember.

SECOND CLASS

Front: Mahegan, Vienneau, Sweeney, Flanagan, McGinn, Crane. **Rear**: McNeil, Peabody, Sullivan, Fox, Fears, Downing.

RIFLE TEAM

Front: Cdr. Cease, Robbins, Fenton, Simpson, Wright, Thorup. **Rear:** Sweeney, Brunell, McNamara, Muchet, Froberg, Rudinsky, Gibbons, Cass, Lawrence, Brierley, Miante.

RIFLE TEAM

During this past year the Massachusetts Maritime Academy Rifle Team has progressed and expanded rapidly. Membership has increased to twenty-one and the addition of new rifles and equipment has been received. A small bore rifle range was set up in number two 'tween decks to enable afternoon practice sessions. Under the command and instruction of a qualified expert, CDR. John M. Cease, everything essential is in favor for a crack team. In the fall, a small junket to Castine is planned.

BAND

At 0745, a number of brave musicians form up in the parking lot so that they may brighten Morning Formations. This is M.M.A.'s Marching Band. This band holds one record that few academy bands hold—playing in front of the Governor's of three states. This is a record that will hardly be broken by any academy band never mind any other kind of band! The band also had a chance to play for a military review at Otis Air Force Base.

A fine job was done by all the members this year as the band was the finest sounding band in recent years.

BAND

Front, L. R.: Wenners; Collins; Cronin, Bandmaster; Kimball, McGinn. **Second Row:** Saunders, Cook, Cass, Coffin, Olson, Harvey, Hathaway.

DRILL TEAM

First Row: Peabody, Stone, Simpson, Gilmor, Coupal, Co-captains; Fenton, Kenny, West. **Second Row:** Miante, Leonard, Vienneau, Prouty, Gell, Mahegan, McNeil, Huyghe, Hackett, Evans, Ward, Carpenter. **Third Row:** Sullivan, Flanagan, Crane, Fox, Paige, Kelleher, Czerny, Sullivan, Fears.

DRILL TEAM

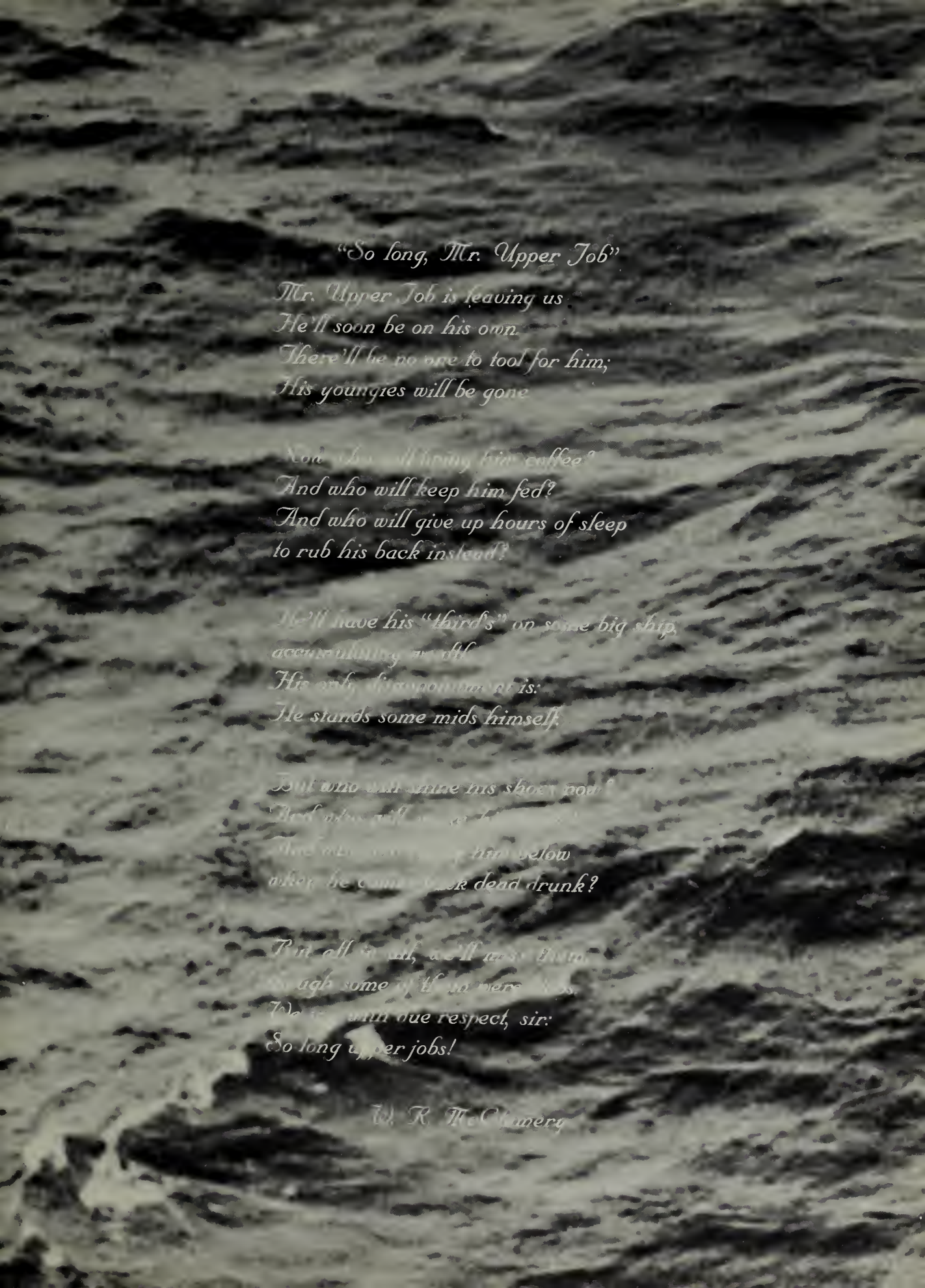
The Drill Team was organized late in 1961 by Lcdr. Brian, then head of Naval Science, as an organization of Midshipmen, trained in marching maneuvers. Since that time, the team has emerged as a separate segment of the Cadet Corps. With the purchase of additional equipment in late 1962 the team's future looks bright and each of the members are looking forward to the day when the team will be accomplished enough to enter outside competition.

CLASS BARBERS

D. Arnett; F. Walsh, Senior Barber; A. Strudes.

LAUNDRY WORKERS

W. McClellan, W. Butler, W. Banaldi.



"So long, Mr. Upper Job"

Mr. Upper Job is leaving us
He'll soon be on his own
There'll be no one to tool for him;
His youngies will be gone

[illegible] bring him coffee?
And who will keep him fed?
And who will give up hours of sleep
to rub his back instead?

He'll have his "third's" on some big ship,
[illegible]
His only disappointment is:
He stands some mids himself.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] below
[illegible] dead drunk?

[illegible]
[illegible] some of [illegible]
[illegible] due respect, sir:
So long upper jobs!

W. R. McCamery

GOVERNOR'S DAY

On a very fine and fair Sunday in September of 1962 the Massachusetts Maritime Academy was host to three New England governors: John Volpe of Massachusetts, Leslie Powell of New Hampshire and John Reed of Maine. Accompanying the governors were their fine families and close aides. Also on the trip-of-the-day were members of the Board of Commissioners and related state officials.

As the Bay State proudly steamed through the Cape Cop Canal, all was in excitement as hardly anything so important was even thought of hereabouts. The governor's host was Adm. Thompson who cordially greeted the fine guests. A grand day it was for the Bay State!

Entertainment was provided the guests by our Band and Honor Guard who both gave an excellent effort in front of the dignitaries and their families.

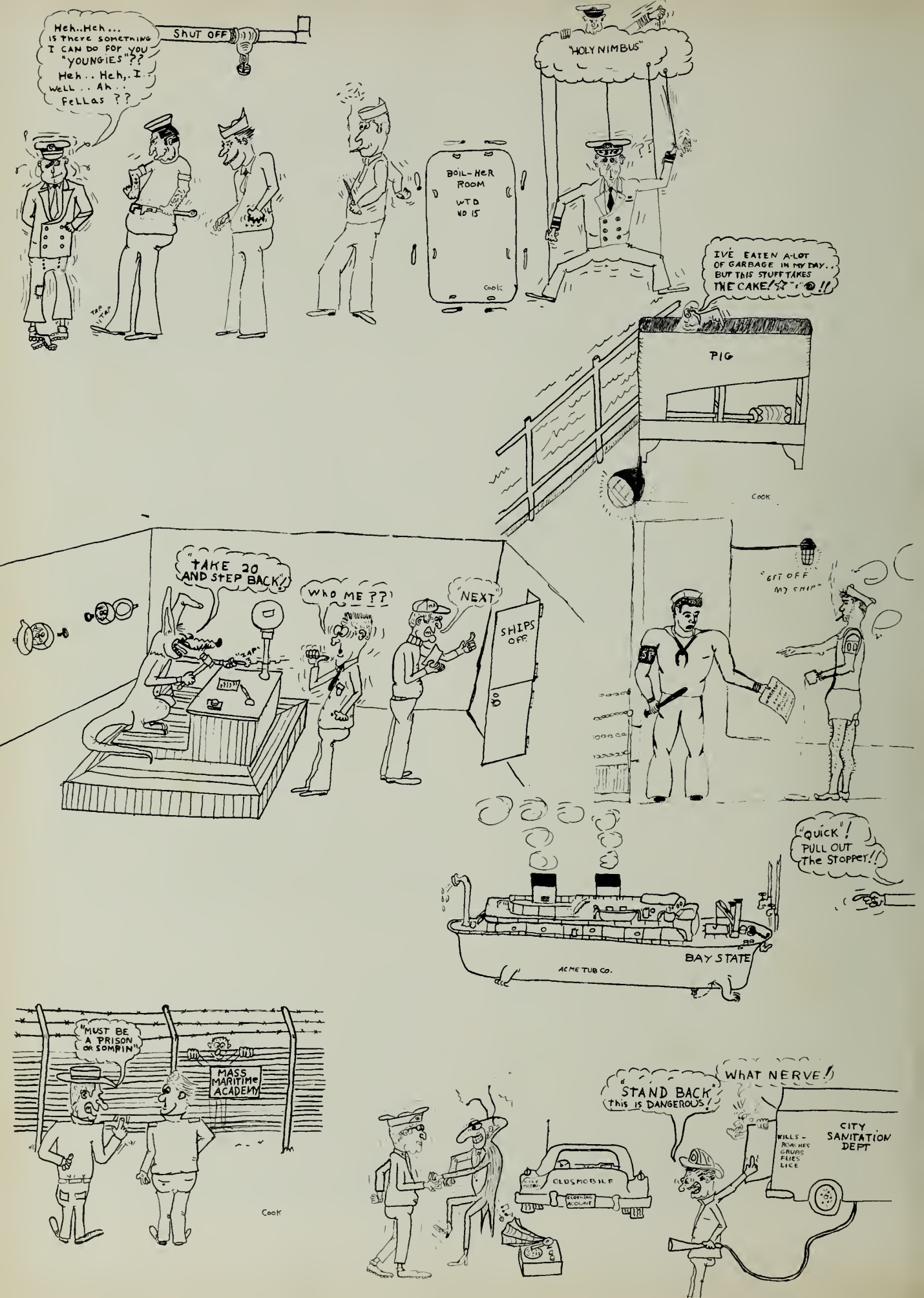
As the sun slowly set, the Bay State was brought alongside the dock and the gangway was lowered. Smiles and handshakes ensued as our noted guests left our vessel after having enjoyed a very pleasant trip.

NATIONAL MARITIME DAY

On National Maritime Day, May 22, the Massachusetts Maritime Academy held an open-house for those who wished to visit the shore base and training ship, the "Bay State". By proclamation of the President and Governor's of various states this day is to be celerated to commemorate the maritime industry in the United States, without which the country could not long endure economically and defensively. On May 22, 1819 the first merchant steamship, "Savannah" made a successful crossing of the Atlantic Ocean opening up a new era for the maritime industry. Thus it is only fitting that this day be celebrated as National Maritime Day.

Parents and friends of midshipmen were among the majority of visitors who arrived to see the midshipmen put through their "Drills". Our guests visited the campus and saw most everything there was to see on the academy grounds. Guides were selected and a formal route planned through the ship and academy grounds so that guests might get a close-up of the shore base and training ship.

A fine day was topped by a baseball game when Maritime played the local rival, Cape Cod Community College.


Heh..Heh... IS there something I CAN do for YOU "YOUNGIES"?? Heh.. Heh,. I.. Well.. Ah.. Fellas ??
SHUT OFF
TAP TAP
BOIL-HER ROOM WTD NO 15
Cook
"HOLY NIMBUS"
IVE EATEN A-LOT OF GARBAGE IN MY DAY.. BUT THIS STUFF TAKES THE CAKE!☆"!"@!!
PIG
Cook
"TAKE 20 AND STEP BACK"!
"ZAP"
WHO ME ??
"NEXT"
SHIPS OFF
"GET OFF MY SHIP"
SF
"QUICK"! PULL OUT The Stopper!!
BAY STATE
ACME TUB CO.
"MUST BE A PRISON OR SOMPIN"
MASS MARITIME ACADEMY
Cook
"STAND BACK" this is DANGEROUS!
OLDSMOBILE
CLOTHING ALOWANCE
WHAT NERVE!
CITY SANITATION DEPT
KILLS - ROACHES GRUBS FLIES LICE

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Publication of a college annual, as we discovered early in our career with the Muster, would be quite impossible without the aid of Patrons, on whom our publication is financially dependent.

So, it is to our Patrons, that we offer our deep appreciation and humble thanks.

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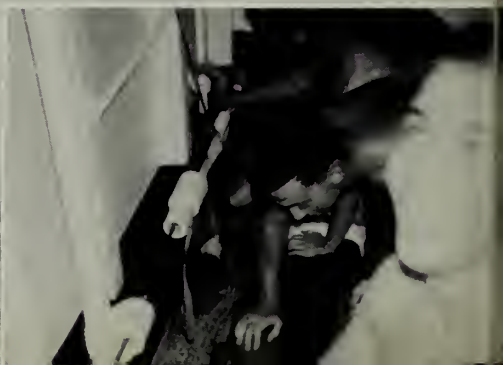

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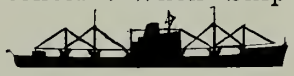
Importers, exporters and travelers who patronize foreign flag ships are perhaps unaware that thereby they not only sap the strength of America's Merchant Marine...but are also thus contributing to the unfavorable balance of payments which is now causing our Government such grave concern. When "Ship American, Travel American" becomes the firm, established practice  of every American, our Merchant Marine will be able to maintain its strength.

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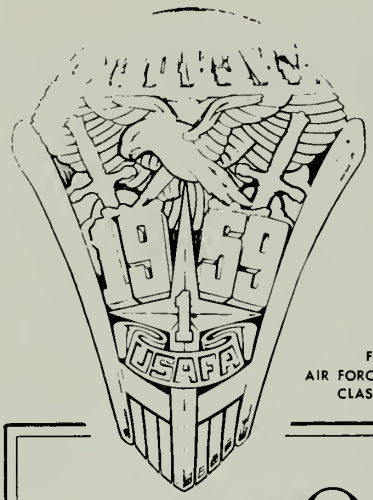

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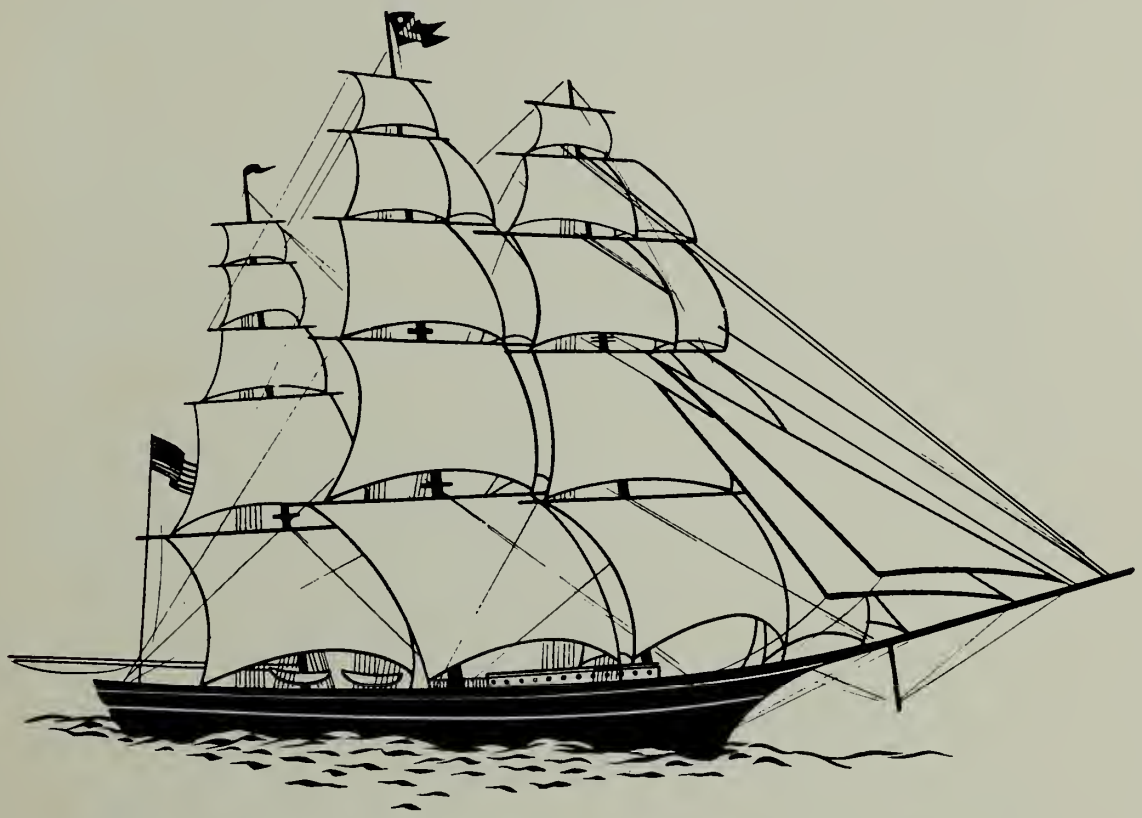

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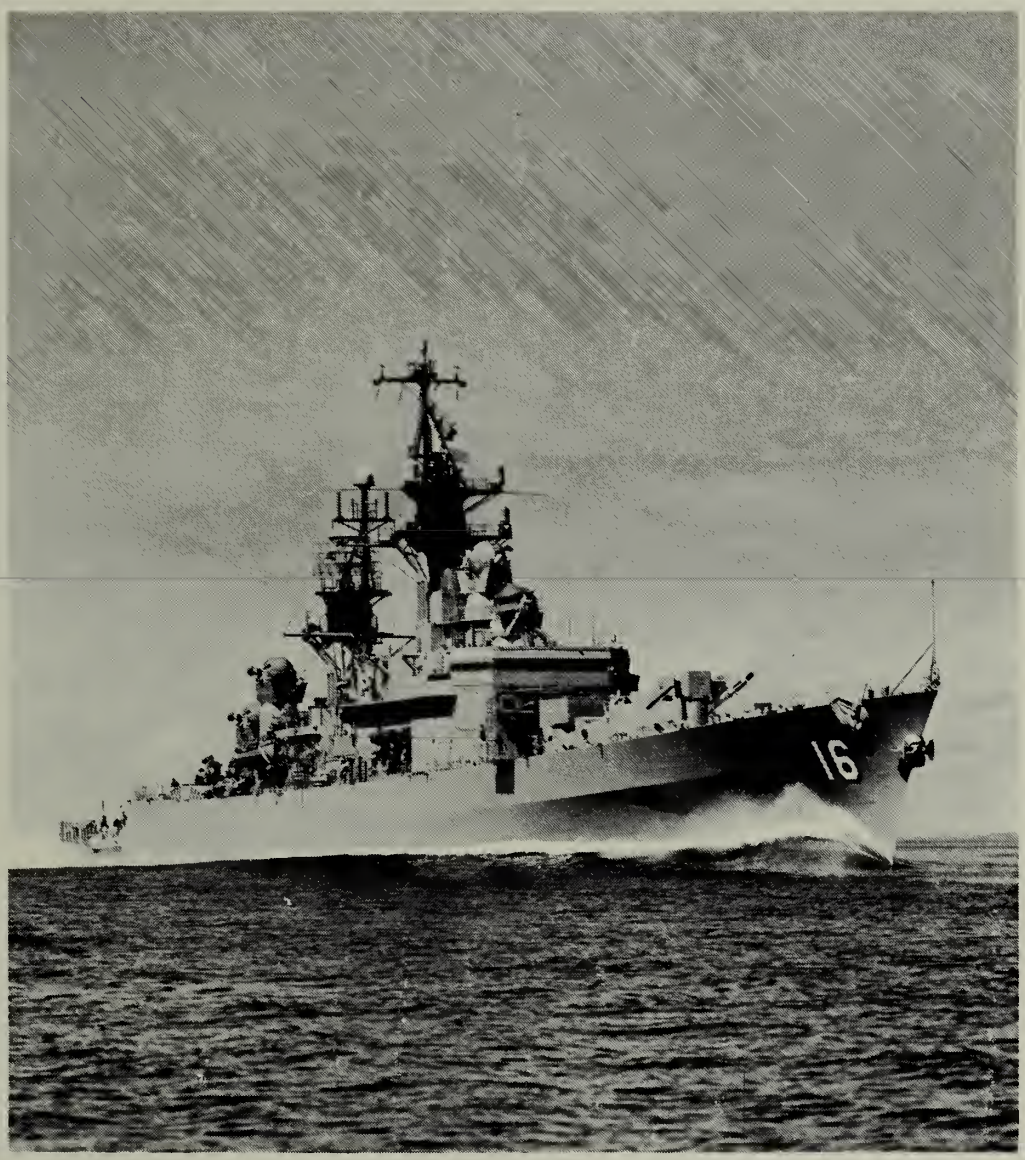

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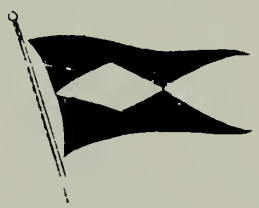

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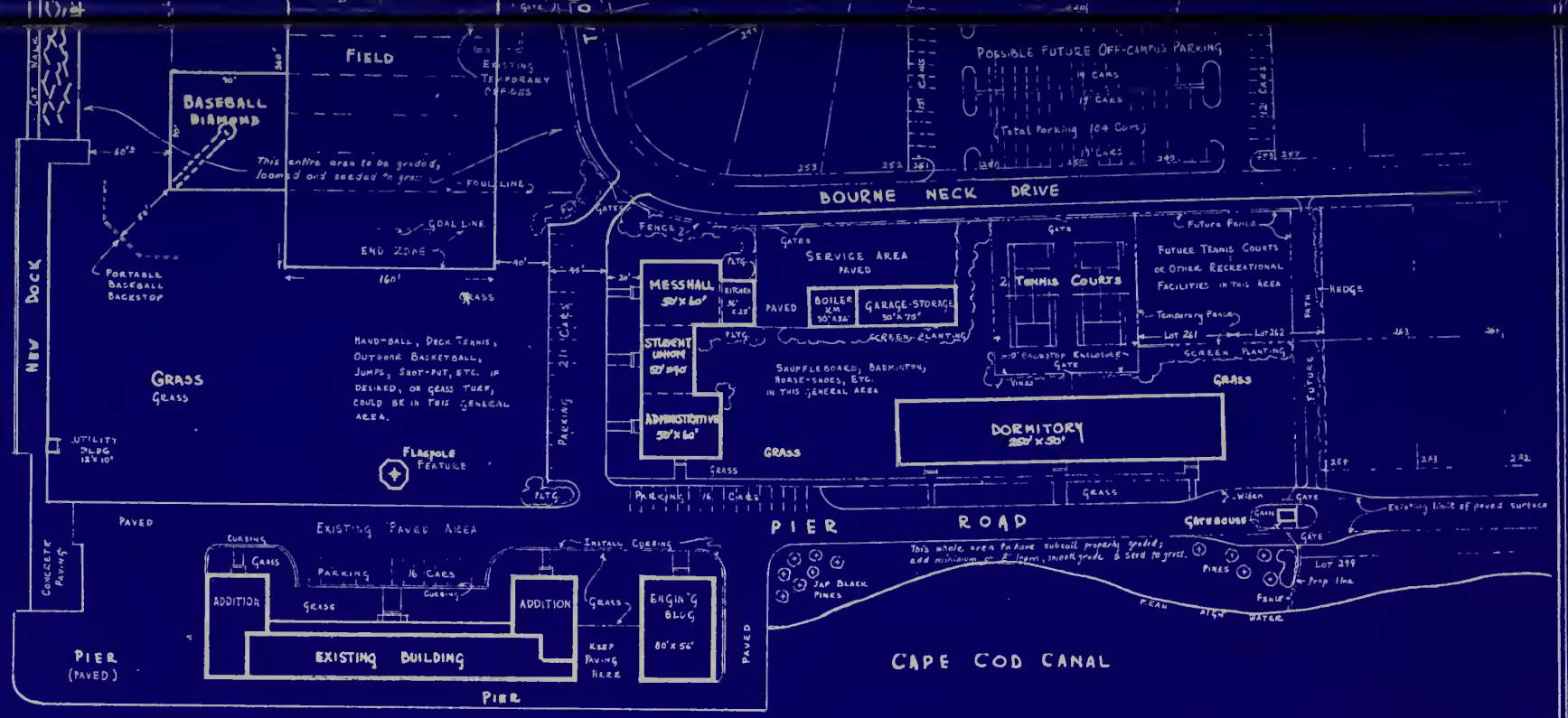

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